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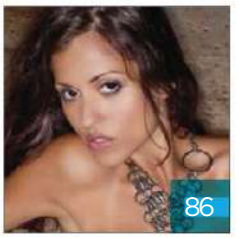

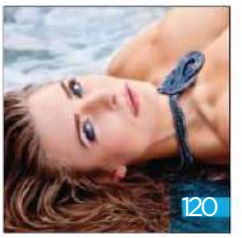

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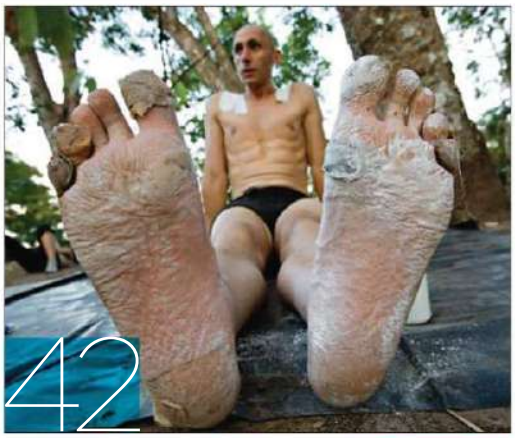

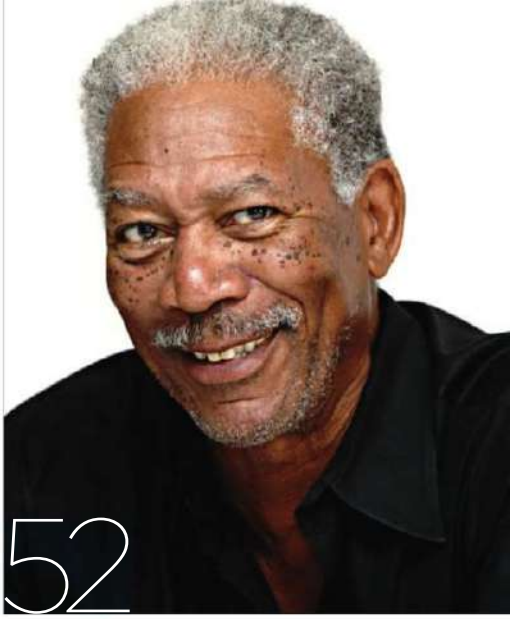

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Three-for-All

Whenever my boyfriend, Charlie, watches porn, it's a movie with two girls on one guy, so I knew exactly what to get him for his birthday. My girlfriend Noelle jumped at the chance to join in. She and I had fooled around plenty of times, and I knew she had a thing for Charlie.

A week later, on Charlie's birthday, I took him out to dinner and had Noelle come over to get the place ready. When we got home, Noelle was standing in the living room wearing—what else?—her birthday suit. Charlie's jaw practically hit the floor, and when she and I shouted "Surprise!" he was speechless.

"Happy birthday, sweetie," I replied. "I hope you like your present."

He didn't have a chance to respond, as Noelle had sauntered over to him and was pushing his jacket off his shoulders and unzipping his pants.

Whenever my boyfriend, Charlie, watches porn, it's two girls on one guy, so I knew exactly what to get him for his birthday.

Charlie looked at me with shock—and lust—in his eyes, silently asking me what was going on, and if I was really allowing it to happen. "Relax, babe," I told him. "This is all for you. Enjoy it!" Then, while Noelle took care of stripping my boyfriend, I started to take off my own clothes.

Noelle finished undressing Charlie and got on the floor in front of him, her lips wrapped around his thick cock. Her mouth was sliding back and forth on Charlie's shaft, and he had his head thrown back and his eyes closed as he savored the sensations. He looked like he was in heaven—and so did Noelle. I watched them for a few minutes, Noelle's mouth drawing all sorts of excited sounds from Charlie. After a while, though, I'd had enough of the show and joined in on the fun.

I sank down on the floor behind Noelle and pushed my head between her thighs until her juicy pussy was above my mouth. She moaned as my tongue made contact with her clit, and I imagined the vibrations from her lips gave Charlie quite the surprise, so I did it again. It quickly became a game, and every few seconds I would stop lapping at her labia or tongue-fucking her to circle her sensitive little clit with my tongue. Each time I did it, Noelle moaned loudly, and then Charlie would sigh. It got to the point where I almost felt like I was blowing Charlie, too.

The game continued until my partners both came, Charlie grunting as he shot his load down Noelle's throat and my girlfriend panting while her pussy spasmed and I drank her juice.

Then I sat on Charlie's face and Noelle straddled his stomach so that she could kiss and fondle my tits with on hand and pump Charlie's cock with the other. Charlie's always been good at eating pussy, but tonight he took it to a whole new level. His tongue and lips moved in ways they never had before, and a slew of fresh sensations washed over me. He nibbled my pussy lips, something he'd never done, and the way my body shook gave away how arousing that move was. When he brushed my clit with his nose as

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he sucked my cunt, I went absolutely crazy! It was like he was a new man!

Between Charlie and Noelle, I was on the verge of climax quicker than ever. I wasn't ready yet, though, so I lifted my pussy from Charlie's face and told Noelle to hop onto my boyfriend's cock. She did as I said, sliding her wet pussy down along his thick tool until she was sitting on his thighs with her ass pressed against his balls. She sat still a moment, and then, at my command, started to ride him, pumping herself up and down vigorously. I watched Noelle humping my boyfriend as I sank back down to give Charlie access to my pussy again.

As my girlfriend fucked Charlie, I rode his tongue to a delicious orgasm. My climax was intense, and I could feel the sweat pouring down my body as I cried out my pleasure. Charlie quickly brought me to a second orgasm while I sucked my girlfriend's tits.

I was coming down from that second high when Noelle leaned back against Charlie's legs and wiggled her hips as she climaxed, and the change in angle and pressure set Charlie off only a moment later. He came so much that his semen started squishing out of Noelle's cunt and along his cock. I swiped a fingerful from between their bodies and sucked it down.

Eventually we retired to the bedroom for the rest of Charlie's birthday. When Noelle finally left the next morning, Charlie thanked me, saying, "That was the best present ever!" I couldn't agree more.—*K.R., Arizona*

THE FOURTH DATE

The date was over, and as I walked Kyra to her door, I wondered, fingers crossed, if she'd invite me in. The dates we'd been on had been pretty cool, and we had "awesome chemistry" (her words), but it hadn't led to her inviting me back to her place yet, and I was dying for some action.

I was moving in for a good-night kiss and there'd still been no invite, so I figured my chances were slim. The kiss was nice, though, so I enjoyed it while I could. When it ended, I said good-night and walked away. I made it all of a foot before Kyra grabbed me and pulled me back for another kiss. Then she looked me in the eye and asked if I wanted to come in. I didn't hesitate before saying yes.

Once we were in the house, Kyra

didn't hesitate either. She dragged me to her bedroom and pushed me back on the bed before ripping off my clothes. I couldn't believe this was the same girl! I followed her lead and pulled off her clothes, too, then switched positions and got on top.

Her long chestnut hair fanned out behind her, and her smooth porcelain skin glowed in the dim light. Her large breasts pressed firmly against my chest as I moved in to kiss her again, and her legs wrapped around my thighs, pulling me closer. I kissed her lips for a minute and then trailed my mouth down her body. I suckled her neck, nibbled her tits, and licked down her stomach until I reached the sweet juncture between her legs. I spread her pussy lips and dove in, lapping up her honeylike dew.

I kept at it, tongue-fucking Kyra until she came. Then, my face coated in her juice, I moved back up her body and kissed her once more, offering her a taste of herself. As our lips and tongues fought for control, I guided my cock to her waiting hole and pushed inside. She moaned as I filled her, throwing her head back against the mattress and thrusting her hips to meet mine, trying to take all of me at once.

When I started to pump into her, she went wild, flailing and thrashing, and it was the hottest thing ever. Our bodies were crashing together almost violently, and I could hardly control myself. My hips pumped furiously against hers as I filled her with my cock. Our previous dates had resulted in a lot of sexual frustration, at least for me, so I was doing everything I could to get it out of my system.

My dick started throbbing a minute later, and I knew I was going to come. I thrust faster and faster, filling Kyra with my come until it was pouring out of her, and then she climaxed, too.

I spent the night, leaving the next morning with plans for another date in a few days. And this time I wouldn't have to wonder about my chances of getting lucky!—*H.G., Nebraska*

More letters on page 132

Our bodies were crashing together almost violently. My hips pumped furiously against hers.

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Jackwagon

All aboard for the third installment of broken bones, buffoonery, and bodily fluids from the *Jackass* crew, this time in 3-D! Because that's why the technology was invented. We preview chapter three in this trilogy of trauma and speak to one of the stars, Bam Margera, who takes us on a guided tour of the *Jackass* universe.

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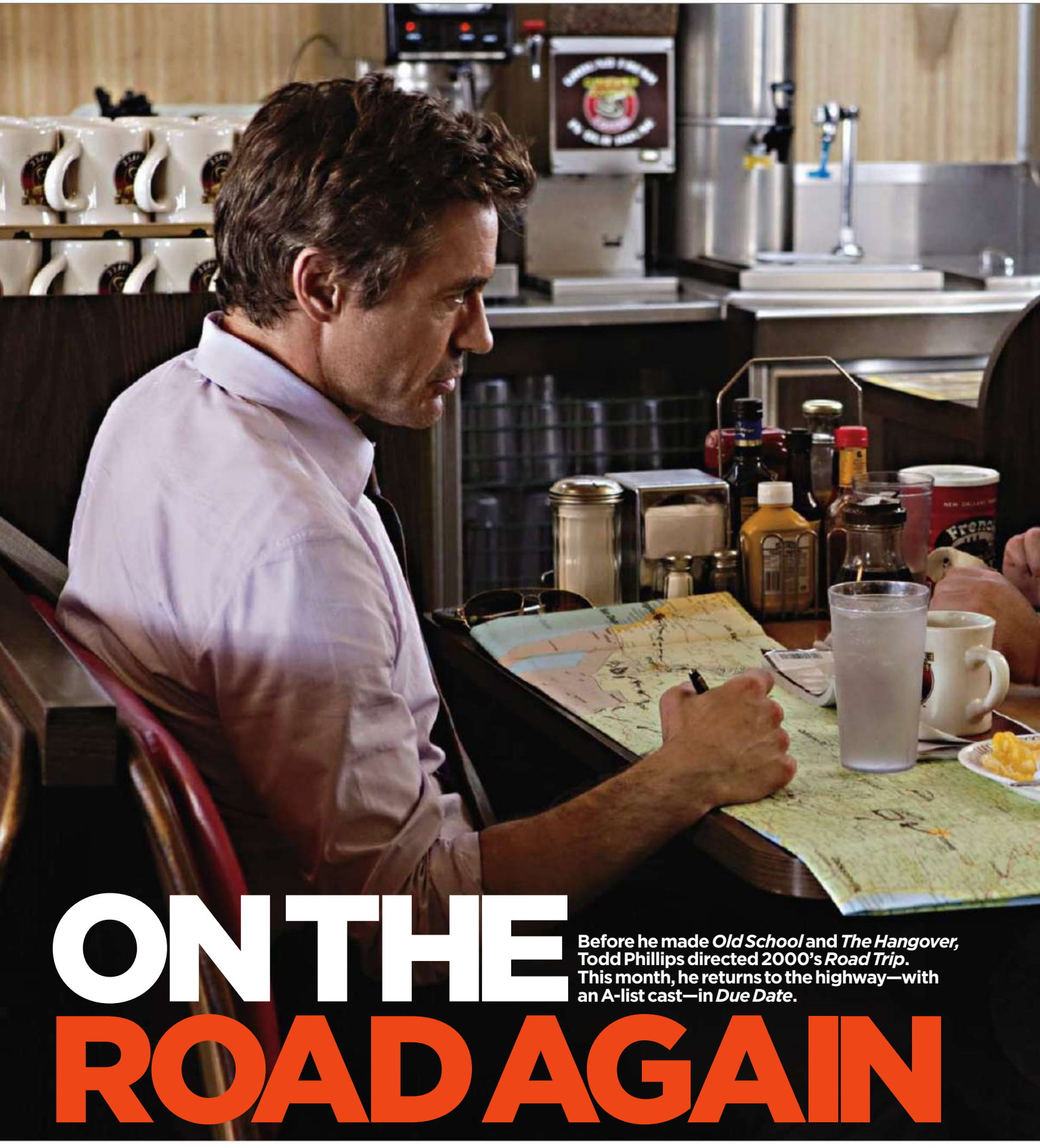


ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Before he made *Old School* and *The Hangover*, Todd Phillips directed 2000's *Road Trip*. This month, he returns to the highway—with an A-list cast—in *Due Date*.

BY JOSHUA ROTHKOPF

Due Date
Robert Downey Jr., Zach Galifianakis, Michelle Monaghan

If Todd Phillips isn't exactly a household name, that may be because core fans of his movies, including last summer's blockbuster *The Hangover,* aren't the types to pay attention to the opening credits or hang around for the closing ones. But much of *The Hangover*'s success should be credited to Phillips, who, by the way, had a cameo in *Old School* as the guy at Juliette Lewis's door who is "here for the gang bang." For his next film, Phillips retains his secret weapon—bearded bozo Galifianakis—and pairs him with Downey Jr. for a bickering, cross-country road trip. Throw in Danny McBride, Jamie Foxx, and Downey's *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang* costar, the sultry Monaghan, and you're close to an embarrassment of riches.

Jackass 3-D
Johnny Knoxville, Bam Margera, Steve-O, Chris Pontius

Here we have 3-D technology used not to enhance the lush environs of an *Avatar* or *Alice in Wonderland,* but to allow bona fide jackasses to fling dangerous objects at our faces—harmlessly! Amazingly, ten years have passed without a fatality since *Jackass* debuted on MTV. So what can we expect from the new one? There will be lots of falling from great heights, of course, and blows to the face, and loads of unreasonably entertaining stupidity. There will also be the "heli-cockter" stunt, which, word has it, is the feat that got the film green-lit. It involves a radio-operated chopper, a tether, and an especially fearless male volunteer.

Carlos
Édgar Ramírez

Believe it or not, you won't mind that this biopic of real-life terrorist Carlos the Jackal is five-and-a-half hours long. Indeed, you'll be thankful that someone thought it wise to explore the genesis of modern-day terrorism with such breadth and dark humor. Imagine a cross between *Munich* and *Boogie Nights* and you'll get the flavor of the year's most provocative and essential film. Olivier Assayas (*Boarding Gate, Demonlover*) directed, but the anchor of the project is the mighty Ramírez as the troubled, half-smart radical, his ideals losing steam as he ages and becomes more famous. *Carlos* will get a limited theatrical release in October, and will also run on the Sundance Channel as a three-part miniseries.

Paranormal Activity 2
Katie Featherston, Gabriel Liotta

Of course there's a goddamn sequel; no studio in its right mind would give up the ghost after making millions on a flick that cost $2.99 (we're estimating here) to produce. And let's be honest: If you saw the first one in optimal conditions —a packed movie theater at midnight—it worked at least as well as *The Blair Witch Project.* So why not make a follow-up? Writer/director Oren Peli is only the producer this time around, which could be a red flag. But the original worked (to the extent that it did) almost entirely on atmosphere and suggestion. Chances are they'll stick to that formula.

Red
Bruce Willis, Morgan Freeman, Helen Mirren, John Malkovich

Willis as a retired CIA agent who gets yanked back into the game? Okay, we buy that. But drop in Freeman and Malkovich as crusty partners, and you've got the *Space Cowboys* of spy flicks. But wait, is that the grand dame of England, Mirren, toting a machine gun? Maybe *Red* has a shot after all, in a hey-look-at-the-old-people-doing-outrageous-things kind of way. (Where's Betty White as the supervillian?) It might be a summer movie that missed its mark by a month, but the thought of *Weeds*' Mary-Louise Parker as a love interest is appealing in any season.

Oscar Bait

The *Jackass* crew returns for a third installment of mayhem, this time in 3-D. Bam Margera tells us how they pandered to the Academy on this one.

By John Bolster

He was born Brandon Cole Margera, but when he was three his grandfather, after watching him slam into a wall for approximately the 365th time that year, rechristened him with the onomatopoeic nickname that stands today.

Gramps saw the future—or maybe created it—on the day he came up with that handle for his grandson. Because as an adult (in the loosest sense of the term), Bam Margera pretty much makes his living slamming into walls.

And it's a good living. It started when he was in high school in the late 1990s, messing around with his friends, skateboarding, doing daredevil stunts, and pulling pranks. They dubbed themselves Camp Kill Yourself (CKY; Margera's brother, Jess, also started a metal band of the same name), and began filming their exploits.

Those videos caught the attention of producer/directors Jeff Tremaine and Spike Jonze, who were putting together a show for MTV. Margera was invited to join the cast of *Jackass,* which showcased people performing an array of stupefyingly dangerous and absurd stunts and pranks. The program ran for only three years (2000–2002), but it became an instant phenomenon, spawning countless "we will, in fact, try this at home"–type injuries (despite being plastered with warnings and disclaimers) and two feature films.

This month, the world braces itself for the franchise's third feature film, *Jackass 3-D,* in which the crew—Johnny Knoxville, Steve-O, Chris Pontius, et al.—deploys 3-D technology in the service of more ill-advised stunts, outsize slapstick, and airborne bodily fluids. *Avatar,* this is not.

We got Margera on the phone recently, and he told us about the new movie, gorilla suits, his most recent injuries, and the *Jackass* crew member with the highest pain threshold.

Did you guys do anything special for the 3-D format that you hadn't done in the previous movies?
We made sure that a lot of stuff was coming off the screen at you. Mostly pee and poop [*laughs*].

Did you really release a live gorilla in your parents' hotel room?
Actually, it was Chris Pontius—"Party Boy"—in a gorilla outfit that looks so real. The mouth moves and everything.

It looks very real in the trailer.
Yeah, and they taught him how to move like a real gorilla, and it scared the hell out of my parents. The best part was, we had this [animal] trainer in there—a fake trainer. When Pontius was knocking the TV over and all that, the fake trainer was like, "Oh, my God, he's out of control; we can't tame him!" So that made my parents freak out even more.

Have you ever come up with an idea and been about to film it, but then decided, Hey, we can't do this—either because it's too dangerous or it won't come off the way you want?
Not really that. It's more like, we do it anyway and if it works it works, and if it doesn't it doesn't. For example, for *3-D,* there's this one thing we did called "Weiner Cam," and it was kind of an experiment. It was, uh, a camera taped to my dick. And I was walking around, waiting to catch people in a deep conversation, then sneaking up behind them and peeing on their face. And it's all from the dick's point of view. That was an experiment that happened to work out and be hilarious. And it's all in 3-D. You see this tan thing on the corner of the screen, and then all of a sudden piss comes out, so you realize it's a dick [*laughs*].

And that's why they invented 3-D. What's the worst injury you've suffered in a *Jackass* stunt?
I've gotten a broken clavicle, three broken ribs, a busted kneecap, and a broken foot. All in six months.

Who has the highest pain threshold in the *Jackass* crew?
I'd have to give that to Knoxville. Most people get all nervous when they're getting ready to do a stunt, but he just kind of laughs the whole time. Even when he does get hurt, he just runs away laughing. That's why he's the boss.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SCOTT WEINER/RETNA LTD.

Right now you're on tour with your brother's band, CKY. How's that going?
It is true rock 'n' roll mayhem. Really. First of all, I flew to New Zealand and I got roofied at the first show. Some fan or nonfan, I don't know, roofied my drink. And I just passed out. I fell over. I was completely coherent, but I couldn't move my feet or hands or even talk. They were ready to call the ambulance, but instead they got a car to take me to the hotel. Then I had to go to the airport, and I was so incoherent that I got detained at the airport in New Zealand.

They wouldn't let you fly?
Right. So I thought that *I* was bad until I finally flew into Perth, where CKY was, and I find out that Deron, the singer, forgot his medication. For no reason he threw a beer bottle at Carl's face. It ricocheted off his head, and went right through the window and into the pool. There was all this glass in the pool.

This all happened at the start of the tour?
Pretty much. For some reason I always get the nicer suite of the hotel, so everyone comes and parties in my room. Murray, the keyboarder, broke a tile that cost me 500 bucks. Then Deron got into an argument with a girl and punched a hole in the wall, and then there were burn marks on the curtains and stuff. So I was stuck with this big-ass bill and, yeah, it was my room, but I didn't do any of it. It's always funny, it's a good story—but I get stuck with the bill.

You grew up in Southeastern Pennsylvania, so you must know about the legendary Wawa chain of stores from that area.
Yeah, it's a gourmet 7-Eleven. Did you know that Johnny Knoxville has WAWA tattooed on his arm?

No, I didn't know that. Really?
Yeah. Just to make me laugh for seven minutes.

[*Laughs*] He got a tattoo for life, just to make you laugh for a few minutes?
For life. WAWA on his arm. Just so I went *"ah ha-ha-ha"* for seven minutes. Then that was it. Now it's on his body ... forever.

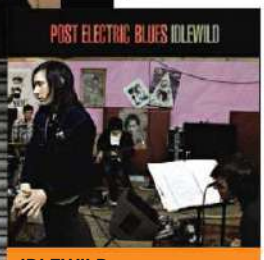
HANDS ACROSS THE WATER

Los Angeles popsters Maroon 5 traveled to Switzerland to record their third studio album, with renowned producer Robert "Mutt" Lange.

Hands All Over
A&M/Octone

In a match made in cheeseball heaven, California soft-rock revivalists Maroon 5 traveled to Switzerland to record with the legendary Robert "Mutt" Lange, a production Gandalf who has constructed gleaming, multitracked towers of pop perfection out of raw material—er, artists—ranging from his ex, Shania Twain, to Def Leppard. The pairing is a good one: The snaky "Give a Little More" hearkens back to the white-funk heyday of Hall & Oates, and the first single, "Misery," is an effortlessly catchy rewrite of past smash "This Love" (not a bad thing). Forget singles, this is the sound of a band swinging for the fences.

BY ANDY GREENWALD



IDLEWILD
Post Electric Blues
Nice Music Group
★★★★

In an indie landscape littered with the once-promising carcasses of *would've*s and *could've*s, Idlewild are a proud example of a *should've*. Since their charmingly bratty debut in 1997, the Edinburgh quintet has quietly compiled the sort of quality, punks-to-pros career that was once the norm. They've earned goodwill from such bands as R.E.M. and Pearl Jam—and a whole lot of nothing in the bank. Yet there's no trace of disappointment in their sixth album, which was funded entirely by the band's fans. From gorgeous Highlands-folk ("Take Me Back in Time") to skyscraping, 12-string pop ("Readers & Writers"), *Blues* is 2010's most welcome surprise.

TRICKY
Mixed Race
Domino
★★

Fifteen years ago, Tricky was a breath of fresh air: a British producer/vocalist who twisted the stems of trip-hop, punk, and funk into something fresh and sexy, a dystopic dance floor where PJ Harvey hobnobbed with Public Enemy. Now his shtick is mostly secondhand smoke. *Mixed Race,* Tricky's ninth album, is as somnambulant as his last few: a turbid stew of raspy mutterings and brittle disco. The first single, "Murder Weapon," takes a buoyant, recent dance-hall hit and drowns it in trademark murk. When it takes the appearance of an Algerian lutist (on "Hakim") to liven up your album, it might be time for a change. Or at least a cup of coffee.

BRING ME THE HORIZON
There Is a Hell, Believe Me I've Seen it, There Is a Heaven, Let's Keep It a Secret
Epitaph
★★★

Oli Sykes is a shouter but not a screamer, an important distinction in the world of metalcore, where Sykes and his bandmates in Bring Me the Horizon ply their trade. The British bruisers' third album is duly stacked with ferocious riffage, drum fills like helicopter gunships, and plenty of Cookie Monster vocalizing; Sykes's attitude toward subtlety can be summed up in the title of track four: "Fuck." Yet small cracks of sunlight do appear: a passing melody on "Visions," a female vocalist on "Crucify Me," and even some strings on the aforementioned track four. It's hardly easy-listening music, but the little touches do make it easier—not to mention more interesting.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (BRING ME THE HORIZON) ADAM ELMAKIAS, (IDLEWILD) SIMON MURPHY, (TRICKY) JACK DANTE

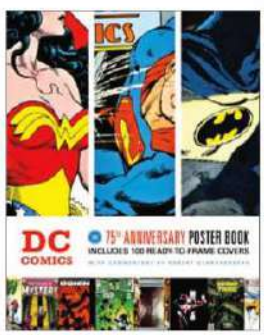
BY RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL

Geek Love

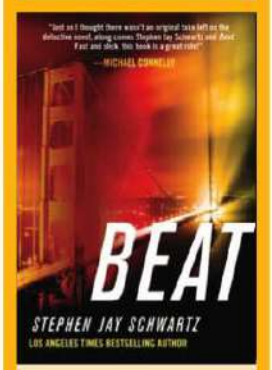
DC Comics obsessives will give it up for a new collection of the 100 most notable, impressive, and strange covers from the company's vast archives.

DC Comics: The 75th Anniversary Poster Book
Commentary by Robert Schnakenberg
Quirk Books

This collection of oversize comic-book covers will delight old-school fans of Wonder Woman, Superman, Batman, and their ilk. It functions as a tour through both comics and American history, offering everything from the pulpy (*100 Bullets*) and the seductive (any number of *Wonder Woman* covers) to the disturbing (Superboy getting spanked by his dad) and the unforgettable (the Sensations Comics cover featuring the freaky "Fingers of Fear"). The 11-by-14-inch posters are suitable for framing, and some of the artwork, such as Brian Bolland's *Batman: The Killing Joke,* is worthy of a museum.



To some degree, if you've read one porn-star memoir, you've read them all. Monica Mayhem's version, from Skyhorse Publishing, doesn't veer far from the template: abusive childhood, huge appetite for sex, lust for adventure. There *are* a few twists: She's Australian, Wiccan, and in a band. Beyond that, it's crazy sex, feature dancing, and random anecdotes from the world of XXX. The details can be tedious, but this insider's look at porn's pleasures and pains will appeal to Mayhem's hard-core fans.



Hayden Glass is a sex addict. He's also an LAPD detective on medical leave trailing Cora, a redheaded hooker he found online. He follows her to San Francisco, and within the first 20 pages of this fast-paced thriller from Forge Books, Glass gets himself beaten severely by Russian mobsters. What follows are numerous, often violent, twists and turns dragging our hero all over the Bay Area as he glimpses a massive sex-slave trade, and tries to rescue Cora by any means necessary.

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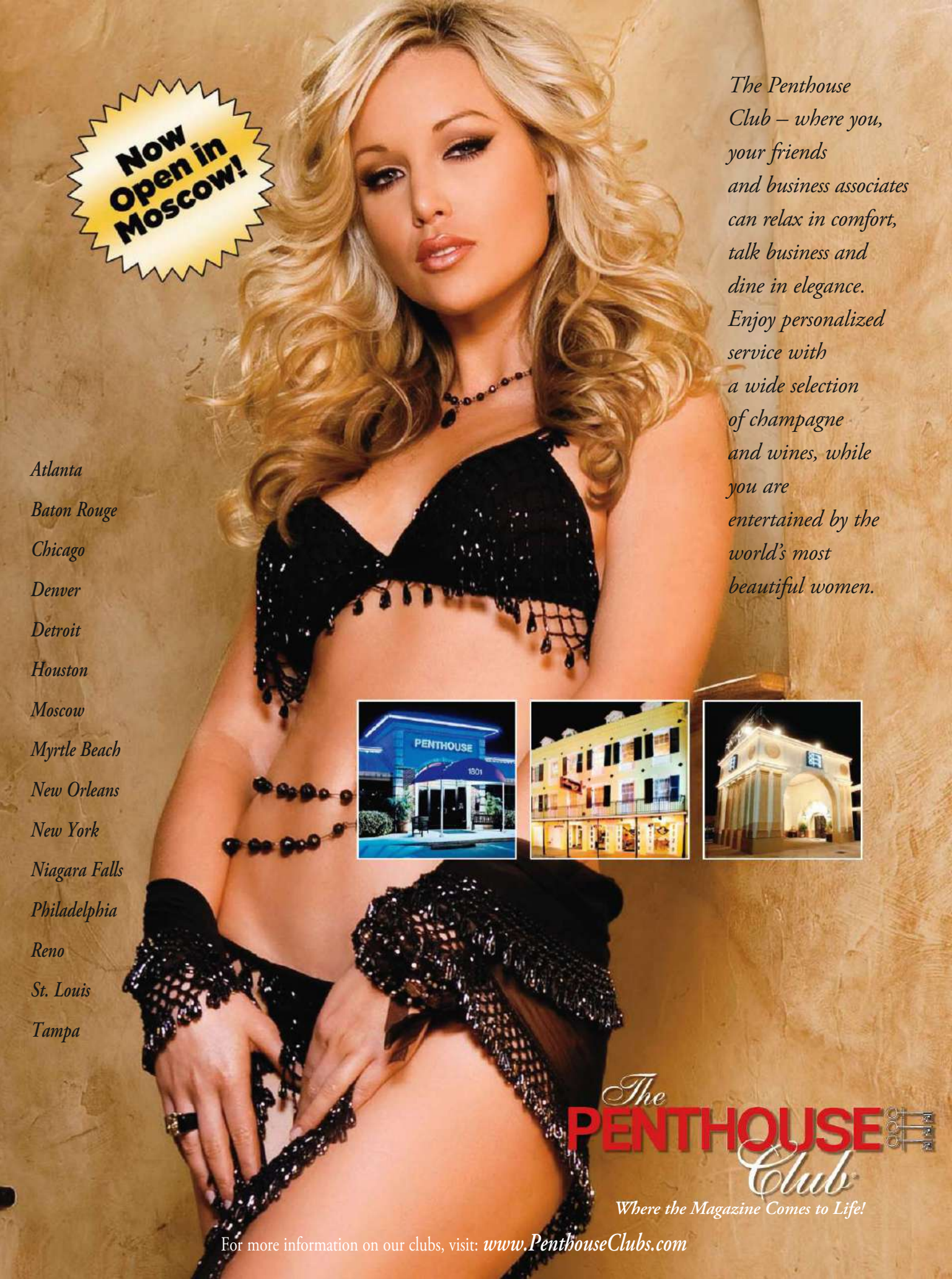
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THIS FIGHTER STANDS ALONE.

If you're tired of being just a face in the crowd, Confederate has your ride.

By Bill Heald

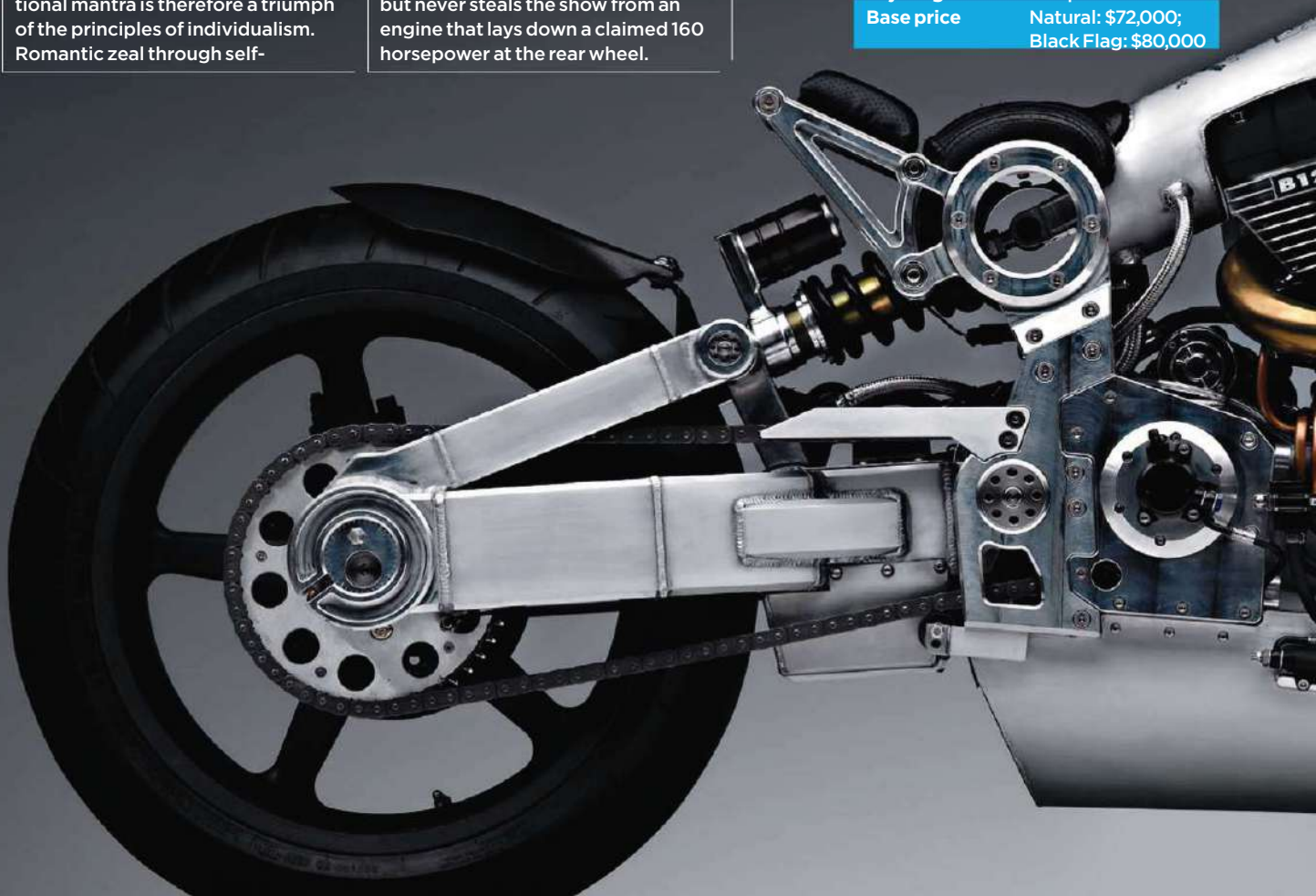
Many in the motorcycle community have long suffered from an image problem. The conundrum is this: A lot of riders want to send a message that they are rebellious, unique, and true lone wolves. To achieve this, they end up buying a motorcycle that is pretty much exactly like every rebellious, unique, and true-lone-wolf motorcycle out there. It can be tough to be a nonconformist when you wear the same nonconformist threads and ride the same nonconformist motorcycle as everybody else on the run to Daytona. What's a frustrated rebel to do?

The solution is to never underestimate the power of creative/rebellious thinking. Confederate Motor Company (founded in 1991 in Louisiana) has a real he-man credo in its mission statement: "The core of our passion is rugged individualism." Indeed. It continues, "Our foundational mantra is therefore a triumph of the principles of individualism. Romantic zeal through self-expression is sought. Matters which concern short-term financial gain are not prioritized because this goal is driven by collective expression which is organically mediocre. American rebellion is adopted as fundamental to the pursuit of personal empowerment. We remain forever determined to challenge the establishmentarian view of what honest 'new world' American industrial and mechanical design can be."

How does all this lofty dialogue get expressed in a motorcycle? Behold the Confederate P120 Fighter Combat, which comes in both Natural (silver) and Black Flag (black). As is the case with most custom motorcycles, the engine is the center of the universe and the builders made sure that (a) there's an amazing V-twin mill to display as its heart, and (b) the chassis is as minimal as possible.

The Fighter, a genuine handmade hoss, is striking in execution, with a Monocoque-style backbone composed of the finest in aviation-grade aluminum. This muscular, artistic structure links everything together, but never steals the show from an engine that lays down a claimed 160 horsepower at the rear wheel.

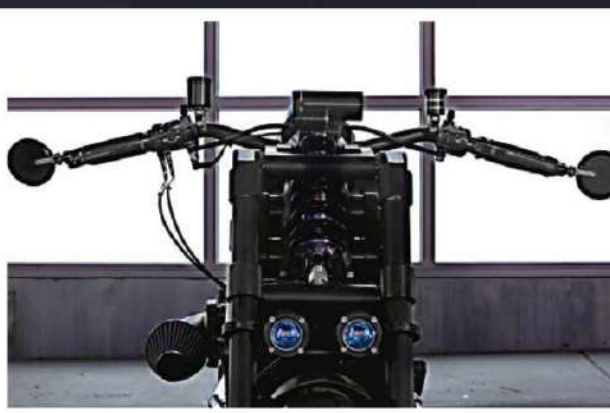
SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine type	Air-cooled, radial V-twin
Bore x stroke	104.8 mm x 144.3 mm
Displacement	1,996 cc
Fuel system	Holley fuel pressure regulator, facet electronic fuel pump
Ignition	Race ignition
Transmission	Five speed
Front suspension	Double wishbone, aluminum construction
Rear suspension	Single shock, fully adjustable
Front brake	Single 320-mm Brembo disc, full floating
Rear brake	Single 250-mm Brembo disc, full floating
Front tire	120/70 ZR19
Rear tire	240/40 ZR18
Fuel tank	Four-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	64 inches
Seat height	27 inches
Dry weight	460 pounds
Base price	Natural: $72,000; Black Flag: $80,000



What's integral to the bike's singular persona is an approach that says what isn't there is as critical as what's visible, for this is a creation in which anything that wouldn't fit into a purist designer's doctrine has been minimized.

That said, one exception to the less-is-more philosophy is a very stylish (and unusual) double A-arm front suspension that takes the place of conventional forks. Otherwise, such things as the seat, mirrors, instrument cluster, headlights—pretty much anything that isn't directly linked to getting you down the road quickly—has been reduced so it almost disappears.

What else will disappear completely is the rest of the machine, and not just when the light turns green. Confederate is keeping production numbers very low to ensure exclusivity (you really will be unique among your peers). With only 50 total Fighters being built (13 of which are the Black Flag version), this is a seriously rare, wonderfully rebellious, and highly collectible motorcycle.



Green That's

The Roadster had a bumpy start, but Tesla Motors is charging ahead toward a bright future.

By Bill Heald

When you hear the term *electric car,* what pops into your head? You probably think of some bland compact with styling that resembles a mailbox, a drivetrain that is silent but certainly not inspiring, and a driver with a full complement of reusable grocery bags and a worn Greenpeace sticker on the rear bumper.

This stereotype has arisen because the electric cars we've seen so far (with the possible exception of GM's ill-fated EV1) have been well-intentioned, but crude in execution, with bodies better left ignored, and less-than-stirring performance. Another sad fact was that most electrics were nothing more than vehicles with their gasoline engines yanked out and an electric motor dropped in for propulsion. Even worse, battery packs were huge and heavy, range was so limited as to make them impractical, and charging times were obnoxiously long. Given these flaws, it's not hard to see why they weren't exactly popular.

When Tesla Motors was created in 2003, the founders decided to address the shortcomings of electric vehicles in a very cool way: by building a true supersport automobile that would have blistering performance and a decent range between charges, with the ultimate goal of proving a zero-emissions vehicle could be delicious to gaze upon and wicked-fun to drive. The result was a performance ride like no other, or, as the company likes to put it, "A Tesla can be charged with electricity created from 100 percent renewable energy—no other sports car can say the same."

In 2008, the first units were delivered, and these unique Roadsters were (and still are) expensive because they incorporated the best available technology, including lighter, state-of-the-art lithium-ion batteries and a sophisticated motor that uses regenerative braking to charge the batteries when the car is coasting or braking. The body comes from Lotus as a glider (no power train), and features monocoque construction with an extruded aluminum subframe and carbon-fiber body panels. Tesla then adds its wonderfully potent electric motor system, which drives the rear wheels with a single-speed transmission. Reverse is supersimple: The motor simply reverses direction. With impressive torque available instantly and 60 mph arriving in less than four seconds, thrust is the Roadster's middle name. The fun can continue for a range of nearly 250 miles, and then, just plug in this seductive car

Red Hot

for approximately six hours or less, depending on voltage (four hours with a special high-speed charger).

This is socially responsible entertainment, for the Tesla makes cutting down on oil use and being gentle on the environment completely painless. Impressive suspension compliance and control, along with excellent brakes and advanced safety features, put the Tesla on par with any other car in the performance class. That said, it easily trumps the competition in terms of the unique sound of the electric motor (and the fact that you'll only need to stop at a gas station for snacks or personal maintenance).

Tesla Motors has had its share of challenges, such as lawsuits between early partners and some recalls, but the company has weathered it all; now, with more than 1,000 Roadsters zooming cleanly across the tarmac all over the world, the company is accelerating into much greater market presence. The new Roadster 2.5 adds additional refinement and features, including a more potent Sport model with adjustable suspension and enhancements for better response in extreme heat and cold. A more practical (and less expensive) "S" sedan is set to launch in 2012, and both a successful stock offering and a new alliance with Toyota (Tesla will build the drivetrain for an electric RAV4) proves the company with the earth-friendly automotive engineering is no fluke. Better yet, thanks to such crisp performance and alluring styling, zero emissions no longer means zero sex appeal. Oh, and full disclosure: I say no emissions, but these things have been known to smoke the rear tires on occasion. It's all part of being a mean, green eco-machine.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Two-door roadster
Engine	375-volt AC induction, air-cooled electric motor
Power	288 horsepower
Torque	Roadster: 273 foot-pounds; Sport: 295 foot-pounds
Transmission	Single-speed fixed gear
Front tires	175/55 R16
Rear tires	225/45 R17
Curb weight	2,723 pounds
PERFORMANCE	
0–60	Roadster: .9 seconds; Sport: 3.7 seconds
Top speed	125 mph
Fuel capacity	Lithium-ion battery pack, 245-mile range
Fuel economy	No fuel used
Price (as tested)	Roadster: $109,000; Sport: $128,500 (both before $7,500 tax credit)

Techsgiving

What better way to give thanks than with a 3-D laptop and a clock that tells time in Latin?

By Crispin Boyer

Satellite A665 3-D laptop

Toshiba • $1,600

Television manufacturers would have you believe that the future of home theater is in eye-gouging 3-D, but maybe you don't want to spend a few grand on a new TV or have to wear glasses that make you look like Grandma fresh from cataract surgery. Toshiba is offering a more practical opportunity for 3-D early adoption. This laptop is a mean multimedia-and-gaming machine that also just happens to support 3-D games and movies on its 15.6-inch screen. The included NVIDIA 3-D Vision Kit comes with a pair of active-shutter glasses (yes, you still need them, but at least these aren't completely dorky) and their required emitter. Although you'll find little 3-D media at the moment, the A665 comes with software that converts some 2-D content to 3-D. Better still, it's future-proofed with support for 3-D Blu-ray discs.

GoFlex hard drive

Seagate • $250

Contemplating the capacity of a three-terabyte hard drive is like peering at a double rainbow or searching for a woman's G spot: You might lose your mind in the process. Just take our word for it when we say Seagate's three-TB external drive is a veritable bottomless pit for media hoarders. It can hold thousands of standard-definition movies and up to 120 high-def flicks; gamers can cram it with nearly 1,500 titles. The drive—compatible with both PCs and Macs—is fast and practical, too, offering continuous backup and zippy data transfer via USB 2.0. An adapter sold separately supports even faster USB 3.0 and FireWire 800 connections.

Wet Circuits waterproof power strip

Wet Circuits • $35

Even the ditziest blonde would tell you that mixing water and electricity is, like, totally stupid. But when there aren't any ditzy blondes around to preach common sense, you'd do well to plug into a Wet Circuits power strip. They're waterproof, forkproof—even lickproof—and guaranteed to save the klutziest gadget goofballs from electrocution. Plug in your gear, then dump beer in the outlets—or even plunge the whole shebang into a puddle. Proprietary material within the outlets keeps the strip from killing you. We could go on and on about how these gizmos last longer and are much safer than conventional power strips, but you're better off watching the hilariously dubbed product videos at WetCircuits.com.

Kindle DX

Amazon • $379

The wait for Amazon to release a sexier, backlit, full-color version of its Kindle e-book reader is finally ... not over. The latest model, a graphite-encased update of the Kindle DX, still features a 9.7-inch gray-scale screen that requires a well-lit room to read. But the e-ink's contrast has been improved by 50 percent, making this much easier on the eyes during marathon reading sessions than Apple's fancier iPad. The Kindle DX's price has dropped $100, too—impressive considering it comes with free global 3G internet access for downloading books and magazines, reading blogs, and updating your Twitter and Facebook status.

HD Pro Webcam C910

Logitech • $100

Subtract the miles from long-distance relationships with this high-definition webcam, which supports video chatting at ultrasharp 720p and crisp stereo sound via two built-in mikes. Offline, the C910 records movies at full 1080p and takes ten-megapixel photos, while one-click uploading makes it easy—maybe too easy—to share your flicks and pics on Facebook and YouTube. The camera is compatible with all the usual video-calling clients, from Skype to Windows Live Messenger to Gmail Video Chat, or you can load the included software to initiate high-definition video calls in a snap. One caveat: If you're prone to drunk-dialing your ex after an all-night bender, be aware that 720p will magnify every greasy facial feature. That's not the time to use such an efficient webcam.

Verbarius clock

ArtLebedev.com • $220

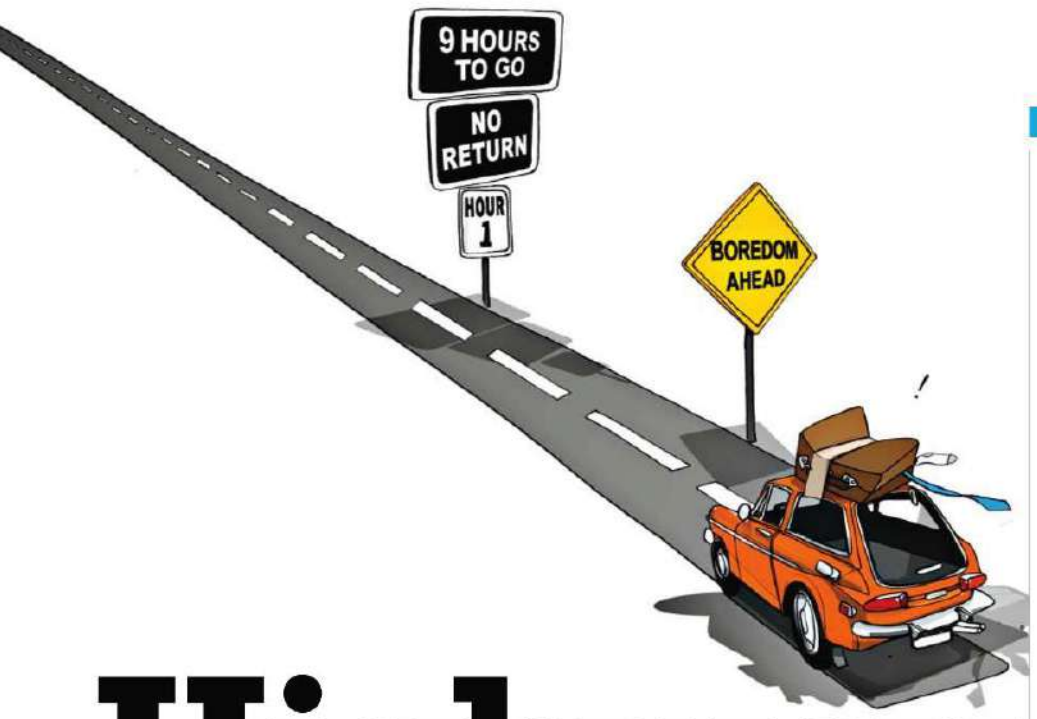
Two hundred smackers is a lot to drop on a clock, but this bizarre piece of boxy Russian engineering does more than tell time. It's a real conversation starter—in several languages. The digital display spells out every minute of every day the way people say it: "a quarter to five" or "eighteen minutes past eight" or just "noon." When you get tired of telling the time in humdrum English, hook the Verbarius to your PC and upload a language that interests you, including French, Russian, Latin—even Eskimoan.

A/V snobs are quick to lift their noses at home-theater-in-a-box setups, but the HT-C6500 deserves some damn respect.

HT-C6500 5.1 Blu-ray home-theater system

Samsung • $650

A/V snobs are quick to lift their noses at home-theater-in-a-box setups, which typically offer convenience over component quality. But Samsung's HT-C6500 deserves some damn respect. Its five svelte speakers and subwoofer deliver killer Dolby Digital 5.1 surround sound, while its receiver plays Blu-ray discs and features a dock for your iPhone or iPod Shuffle (which you can control from the home theater's remote). An included Wi-Fi dongle lets you access media on your home network or stream content from Netflix, Blockbuster, YouTube, and Pandora. And when you really want to rattle the room, plug your PlayStation 3 or Xbox 360 into one of the two HDMI ports.



Highway to Hell

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to survive a road trip with an unreformed member of the geek club.

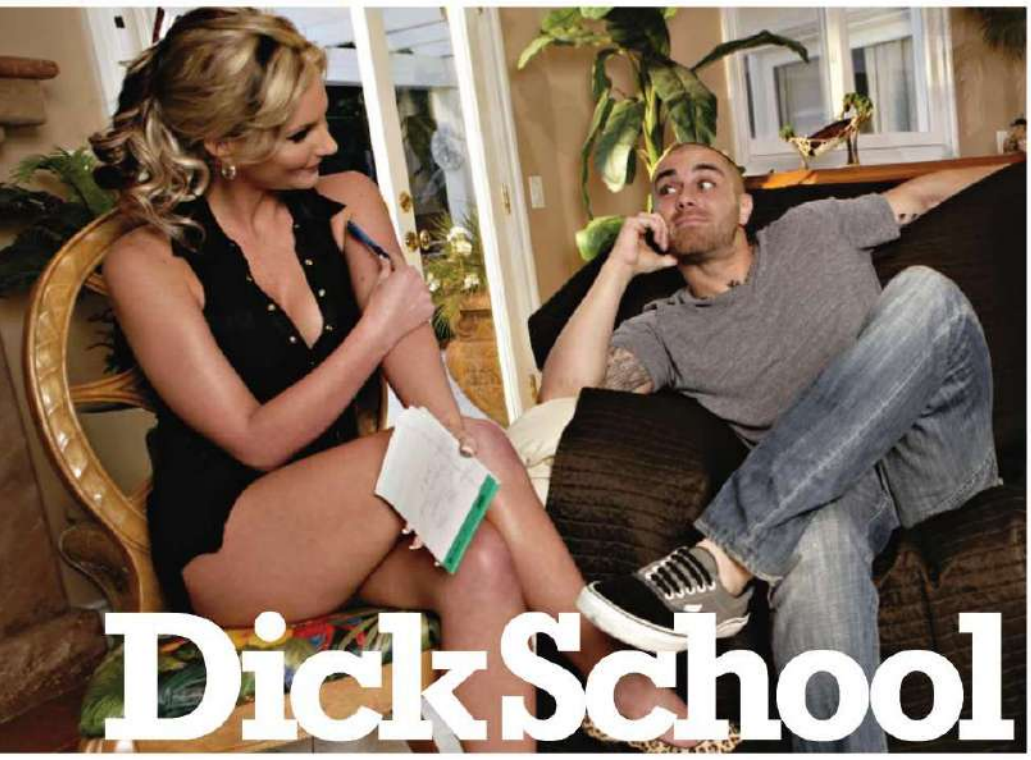
Illustration by Celia Calle

Dear Scoundrel,
I recently bumped into an old high-school friend from Michigan who, like me, moved to New York about ten years ago. I hadn't seen him since. We were both pretty much dorks in high school, and after I got a hotshot job in finance and learned the joys of swilling Jameson instead of grape pop, I ignored him anytime he'd call to catch up. This time, he mentioned he was heading back to Michigan for Thanksgiving, and when I said I was, too, he offered me a ride. I was so wasted I was like,* Hell yeah, road trip! *Thing is, other than playing Magic: The Gathering with him during study hall, I barely remember anything about this guy. Now I'm dreading spending ten hours on the road with someone who might as well be a complete stranger. And some sort of computer engineer, at that. I mean, this guy seems like he still plays D&D. I was going to bail, but I lost my last penny in a poker game and Greyhound isn't even an option. How do I survive this trip without talking about the weather for ten hours?

A road trip is a challenge even if it *isn't* the Gumball 5000. I've known guys who were best of buds before that trip to Fort Lauderdale, yet when they got back they were sobbing in their respective showers, trying to wash away the weirdness with Irish Spring. Often it's a case of intimacy overload. The utter lack of hot chicks on the open road means you can't diffuse uncomfortable discussions (say, about a guy's mom dying of cancer) by saying, "Dude, check out those jugs." Sadly, pretty much the only racks you're going to see will be on station-wagon roofs. And while you can try to turn the trip into one long "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" sing-along, eventually you *will* have to talk to each other. Once you exhaust the two linchpins of road-trip conversation (sports talk and puking anecdotes), you'll turn to sex stories, and this is when things can get hairier than a 1970s porn bush. Your bro may just confess that he has a pervy thing for your little sister.

Lucky for you, you don't have to sweat losing this guy's friendship—you just need to kill time for ten hours. The majority of those hours should be spent unconscious. I know—fall asleep on an actual friend during a road trip and he'll use a pencil as an ass thermometer, then stick it up your nose. But in this case you should immediately assert your alpha status by telling the guy you only got an hour of sleep because you were banging these two chicks you took home from Jugs-N-Strokers (an actual biker bar on Long Island). When your sleep aid wears off several hours later, he'll still be in awe. Act apologetic about drifting off and continue to intimidate him with tales of your über-manliness. Ask him if he's ever fired a crossbow from a hang glider into the tailpipe of a truck. He'll realize his life pales in comparison to yours, and instead of bothering you with chitchat, he'll let you talk about yourself and tell dick jokes, something that passes the time quite nicely, thank you very much.

Just make sure to rein it in at some point, if you want a ride back. During the last half hour you might want to ask him about his family. And his job, of course. Maybe he has some mad tech skills that'll come in handy.



Dick School

Ever wonder what sex surrogates do—or don't do—with their clients? A former surrogate fills us in and provides some valuable lessons learned.

By Reverend Jen

Because I'm a woman who is too sane to collect disability and too insane to get a normal job, I've spent a lot of time perusing the "Adult Help Wanted" classifieds, where I can usually find something that requires few skills other than being decent-looking and willing to undress for money. It was in these classifieds, shortly after I'd lost a job writing a sex column, that I found an ad that read, "Sex surrogates needed to work with a well-known therapist. Must be pretty and open-minded." I leapt to my feet and dialed the number, since being pretty and open-minded are both in my very limited skill set.

An interview was scheduled, then a few days later I began work. Let me just get this out of the way: There's a lot of confusion about what surrogates do. Some people think they're prostitutes; they're not. Most teach relaxation techniques, communication skills, and sensual- and sexual-touch techniques. During my stint as a surrogate, I did quite a bit of "jacking," a lot of listening, and a whole lot of lubricating. It's my estimate that during my three years at "Dick School," I used enough lube to irrigate several small villages.

When all was said and done, I helped men recover from a variety of sexual problems ranging from premature ejaculation to erectile dysfunction and everything in between: inexperience, shyness, vaginal aversion, and inhibited orgasm. I accrued a font of knowledge that could prove helpful for any guy who's ever wanted to last longer, keep it up, or just enjoy doing it more. Please keep in mind that I am not a therapist or a doctor, just a woman who has spent a lot of time around penises. For serious issues, schedule a checkup with a real-life doctor or licensed therapist. Once you know that you're physically and mentally healthy enough to have sex with someone other than yourself, study this handy list of tips and have a ball—or at least have a much less awkward ball than before.

1. STOP THINKING ABOUT YOUR PENIS

The first rule of Dick School is, "Don't think about your dick." From the moment you first discovered you *had* a penis, you've probably been overly focused on it: whether it's having a good day or a bad day, whether it's up or down, whether it's growing or shrinking. Stop it already! Instead of thinking about what your penis is *doing*, focus on what it's *feeling*. The next time you or anyone else is touching your penis, try to focus on *sensation*. The second any thought resembling *I wonder if I'm going to get an erection* enters your mind, refocus on sensation. Repeat as necessary.

2. DON'T OBSESS OVER YOUR ORGASM

I know you're constantly worried you will blow your load too soon or even not at all. *Stop worrying.* Neurosis is the enemy of good sex. You don't go on vacation and spend the entire trip worrying about when it will end, do you? Apply that attitude to sex, which is, after all, a vacation from reality.

3. BREATHE

Breathing not only helps you stay alive; it makes sex better! Breathing deeply from your diaphragm, not your chest, is a great way to relax before sex. And if there's ever a good time to be relaxed, it's when you're boning.

4. WASH YOUR ASS

I've spent a lot of time around naked men, and I'm not sure when hygiene went flying out the window, but please keep yourself clean.

5. PRACTICE WITH CONDOMS

A lot of dudes go soft just thinking about condoms, and in my experience, that has as much to do with their fear of wearing them or their concern that condoms inhibit their ability to fully experience intercourse than with an actual reduction of sensation. Unless you're in a strictly monogamous relationship, you should be using a rubber each and every time you have sex, so get used to them by wearing one when you're masturbating. Oh, and keep them next to your bed so they're readily accessible.

6. LIGHTEN UP

This is both figurative and literal. Try to relax and enjoy the moment when you're having sex. It should be *fun.* And if you've been brutishly choking your chicken every day for years, try lightening up *literally.* After your cock gets comfortable with less aggressive treatment, you'll find yourself much more responsive to the gentle touch of the women in your life.

FROM LONDON WITH LOVE

A gin we can all be thankful for.

By Meaghan Dorman
Photographs by Nick Eveleigh

Imagine it's time for the perfect postwork drink. Now imagine that the booze has been crafted to your specifications and the bottle sports your name. That's what Martin Miller did after drinking one too many subpar Gin & Tonics. The hotelier and antiques collector teamed up with two friends to create a spirit that fashioned sensational versions of the two category benchmarks—the G&T and the Martini.

A longtime gin lover, Martin was distressed to see vodka gaining so much market share in the 1990s. He stuck to his usual G&T because of "two words: flavor and complexity. With gin you drink the contents, not the label. Why is it always the simple and crude that overwhelms the sophisticated and complex?" Aiming to put the mojo back in the category, Miller combed the world for the best ingredients. Tuscan juniper, Chinese cassia bark, French Angelica root, and Florentine iris were distilled, then combined with Icelandic glacier water, creating the smooth but intricate gin Miller lusted after.

In the early 2000s, Miller embraced the rising cocktail culture and crafted a gin for it. While pockets of bartenders in London and New York sought out forgotten recipes, Miller created Martin Miller's Westbourne Strength. It's distilled to a higher proof (90) than traditional gins, and has a peppery kick that shines through in elaborate cocktails. But of course, it pleases its creator and makes a mean G&T.

Miller loves to share his spirit with the fairer sex, but he'll end a date if the lady makes a boring cocktail choice. "If she even considers asking for a vodka Cosmo I'd show her the door," he says. "That whole *Sex and the City* thing is so uncool and so unsexy—seduction by shotgun! For me, gin is the most seductive of spirits, but seductive in that sassy, witty, and sophisticated way of the greats, like Dorothy Parker, who famously enjoyed a Martini or two." When turning a lady to the juniper side, Miller suggests a Southside to do the trick—a mix of lime, mint, and gin that's similar to a Mojito, but with a crisper edge.

Miller is happy to see his gamble paying off. "It's great to see gin turn the corner, and I'm proud to have my name on the bottle." As an everyday drinker of his product, he knows it stands up in the market, and he works praising the juniper spirit into his globe-trotting ways. As he says of his accessibility, "You won't get Mr. Hendrick on speed dial!"

Made to Mix

Elevate your next G&T with a premium tonic.

■ **Q Tonic:** This Brooklyn, New York, creation prides itself on its Peruvian quinine and use of agave instead of the standard corn syrup. It's lower in calories than its peers, but built to be crisp and refreshing. To preserve the bubbles, each bottle is made to create one drink. $8 per four-pack.

■ **Fever-Tree:** The first choice of Martin Miller, the subtle citrus notes support gin ideally. It's all-natural, made with the highest-quality Indian quinine for a genuine bitter edge, and has no artificial aftertaste. $6 per four-pack.

■ **Stirrings:** The newest offering boasts "champagne-like" bubbles. Following the all-natural trend, the company uses cane sugar and Cinchona-bark extract in their light and bright mixer. $5 per four-pack.

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southern comfort

It's not surprising that this 23-year-old Atlanta native caught our eye. The sweet, smart blonde has all the charm and poise of a true Southern belle, but Briana Blair is also a smokin'-hot seductress who knows just how to set off a pulsing throb of passion in men's, um, minds.

Photographs by Penthouse Studios

"I think it's important for a woman to feel comfortable in her own skin, and she should always feel sexy. Expressing my sexuality has always been important to me, and being a nude model helps bring out my true self. I'm at my best when I'm performing."

"Guys are great, but I love girls, too, especially exotic ones. I think people are born bisexual, and then they make choices—because of society or their family or whatever—and that's how they end up going one way or the other. But I could never choose between men and women."

"Hip-hop and R&B, like Robin Thicke's 'Sex Therapy,' usually get me in the mood, but nothing's sexier than dancing. I think a chair dance, while wearing nothing but a hot pair of high heels, is the most arousing thing!"

"I've always loved to entertain, and in college I danced for the Atlanta Hawks basketball team. I still use everything I learned from that job, but now I entertain in a slightly different way. I've taken it to a whole new level."

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MARATHON
47

METTLE TESTERS

By Tim Foley

We rank the cruelest, toughest, most unforgiving endurance races on the planet.

10

JUNGLE MARATHON

If your local half marathon is too pedestrian for you, hop a plane to South America and enter this 200-kilometer race along the Amazon. You'll want to avoid the poison dart frogs, duck the occasional vampire bats, and keep an eye out for panthers. Still interested? There's also the possibility of drowning in the world's least forgiving river, or running afoul of the local indigenous tribes as you penetrate the jungle. That probably won't be a problem, though—chances are you, like roughly 40 percent of the race's entrants, will hop into an aid station after a few miles and call out for a return to your community Shamrock Shuffle.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTIANE KAPPES

9
PATAGONIA EXPEDITION RACE
If 11 days of trekking, climbing, kayaking, biking, and orienteering in Chilean Patagonia sounds like your idea of a good time, then this white-knuckle adventure race is calling your name. It requires competitors to navigate one of the most dangerous and remote patches on the planet, while also being responsible for their own food, water, and safety. In 2009, the American team Calleva got stranded after an ice-climbing mishap. The party survived on berries until two team members made a daring water crossing and mountain descent to flag down assistance.

8
YUKON QUEST
Longer, colder, and darker than the famous Iditarod, the Yukon Quest puts its contestants through minus-10-degree days and minus-40-degree nights as they mush dogs along 1,000 miles of Alaska's Yukon River. Men and beasts alike spend two weeks racing over some of the world's most inhospitable terrain in conditions that can easily claim your digits—if not your mind.

7
GREAT DIVIDE RACE
Does 200,000 feet of elevation gain along a monthlong ride from Canada to Mexico sound appealing? How about a kick in the head? The Great Divide Race is the longest mountain-bike race on the planet (2,745 miles), with the most elevation gain, and it's 100 percent do-it-yourself. If you're hungry, it's on you to find food. If you slam into a Montana grizzly bear going 40 miles an hour down a mountain pass, you're expected to both fix your bike and fend off the beast with your bent wheel. No cellphones and no team of riders off which to draft. This race is pure and simple: eat, sleep, ride, repeat.

6
ULTRAMAN TRIATHLON
This one pits 35 souls in a 6.2-mile ocean swim, a 171.4-mile bike ride, and a 52.4-mile run. Each stage takes place on a separate day, but that in no way detracts from the complete insanity of the event. Last year's winner, Alexandre Ribeiro of Brazil, cranked out his double marathon in 6:30:59. That's two 3:15:00 marathons (a brisk 7:26 per mile), back-to-back, the day after doing a 171-mile bike ride, and two days after completing a 6.2-mile swim in the ocean. We give up.

5
TOUR DE FRANCE
Every July the French host a race so arduous and with a top prize so coveted it motivates wispy men from all over the globe to introduce other people's urine into their bladders, intravenously consume partially frozen blood, and utilize microscopic motors to propel their bikes. Gam-smashing, heartbreaking, and deadly, the world's most popular bike race attracts the global media and thousands of spectators to small mountain towns across France. Though the route changes each year, certain hells are always included: the Pyrenees, the Alps, and more than 48,000 feet of elevation gain and loss.

4

RACE ACROSS AMERICA

Here is a bike race that starts in Oceanside, California, and ends in Annapolis, Maryland, traversing roughly 3,000 miles and more than 100,000 feet of elevation gain. Sea to shining freaking sea. There are no rest days and no stages; the first rider to show up at the other ocean wins. If you don't get it done in 12 days—that's more than 250 miles a day—you earn "Did Not Finish" status. Fewer than 200 riders in the 28-year history of the race have made it to the finish line in time.

3

DEATH RACE

The race organizers have a clever domain name: YouMayDie.com. It's not entirely tongue-in-cheek. Participants gather in Vermont's Green Mountains to remove stumps, trudge through miles of mud, split logs, and climb mountains. But what puts the race over the top are the "special tasks"—multiple puzzles and feats of organization and memory competitors must perform. Should they fail one, they may have to re-climb the mountain they just descended. As a race official said, "There are physical challenges in this race, but we're trying to break them mentally." They usually succeed.

2

THE BARKLEY MARATHONS

This 100-miler takes place in Tennessee's Frozen Head State Park and features more than 120,000 feet of rocky, wooded elevation gain and loss. Since the first race in 1986, only nine (yep, *nine*) of an estimated 700 participants have finished within the 60-hour cutoff. Entrants climb overgrown trails with names like "Testicle Spectacle" and "Son of a Bitch Ditch." They must show progress by tearing a page out of books placed at 12 stops on the route by the event's fiendish founder, Gary Cantrell. For the many mere mortals who can't hack the full 100, there's also a 60-mile "fun run."

1

BADWATER ULTRAMARATHON

This California race takes runners from Badwater, Death Valley (248 feet below sea level), to Whitney Portal (elevation 8,300 feet)—135 miles that combine the fire of the desert with the ice (and thin air) of Alpine elevations. Start-time temperatures in the valley routinely crest 120 degrees—competitors claim they must stick to the painted lines of the road to prevent their shoes from melting on the blacktop—while snow and wind gusts of 40 miles an hour are not uncommon up on Mt. Whitney. Badwater calls itself the toughest foot race in the world, and we're not going to argue.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) MIKE TITTEL/GETTY; JAKE NORTH; CHRIS CARLSON/AP IMAGES; JOHN GILES/AP IMAGES; ALEXANDER HASSENSTEIN/GETTY

YOU'VE GOT GAME

By Rebecca Swanner

It's almost time for holiday videogame releases to invade store shelves. Get ready with our preview of the games you'll want to add to your arsenal.

SHOOTING GALLERY

Load up for some serious gunplay.

CALL OF DUTY: BLACK OPS

Activision (Xbox 360, PS3, Wii, PC, DS)

Heroes: The Elite Special Forces

Heroic Abilities: Knocking off enemies with a crossbow and a fire-shooting gun; zombie killing.

Arch Nemeses: Commies!

The Plot: An alternate take on the Cold War.

The Lowdown: Want to try your hand at flying an SR-71 helicopter *and* command your squad from above so they avoid enemy detection, then jump into the action yourself? You got it. You also take cover in the jungles of Laos, complete covert missions in Cuba, and kill your enemies with an SPAS-12 shotgun that shoots fire. The main campaign does not feature co-op play, but you can utilize other maps during four-player co-op, including the return of Zombie Mode, as seen in *Call of Duty: World at War*.

JAMES BOND: GOLDENEYE

Activision (Wii)

Hero: Bond, James Bond

Heroic Abilities: Impeccable style; a way with the ladies; weaponry skills.

Arch Nemesis: Alec Trevelyan

The Plot: A classic Bond game is reimagined as a grittier tale starring current 007 Daniel Craig.

The Lowdown: Of all the James Bond games that have been released, 1997's *GoldenEye* best captured gamers' hearts, perhaps because it let them take on up to three friends in a four-player split-screen mode way back before multiplayer versions became insanely popular. Now the single-player storyline has been modernized to fit the film series, but the local-player split screen remains. Happily, the game is still populated with such classic villains as Odd Job, Dr. No, and Jaws.

Bonus Points: There's a bundle available that comes with a gold Wii controller. The only better option would be a Martini shaker.

MEDAL OF HONOR

EA (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)
Heroes: Special Operations Command
Heroic Abilities: Night vision; slide-into-cover system; ammo sharing among squad mates.
Arch Nemeses: The Taliban (mostly)
The Plot: The popular military franchise moves to modern-day Afghanistan, apparently in an attempt to compete with the *Call of Duty: Modern Warfare* titles.
The Lowdown: After ten years and nine console releases, the series leaves World War II behind. You step into the boots of the Tier 1 Operators and the Army Rangers as you work to take down the Taliban on their own turf, using a combination of stealth actions and intense face-to-face combat in what is now a mature-rated game. You also can play as a Taliban fighter in the multiplayer mode, which makes us more than a little uncomfortable.

F.E.A.R. 3

Warner Bros. Interactive (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)
Heroes: Paxton Fettel and Point Man
Heroic Abilities: Possession; good aim; resisting sibling rivalry.
Arch Nemesis: Alma
The Plot: Stop your mother from giving birth to something that could blow up the world.
The Lowdown: Whether Alma appears as a little girl or a young woman, the powerful ghost creeps us out. This time, she has a slightly more subdued role as the mother of the protagonists, who plow through demonic forces and military personnel to unravel a closely guarded plot that features more than a few frightening flashback sequences. In the co-op game, you play as either the ghost Fettel, who has telekinetic powers and can possess humans when he needs to use firepower, or as Point Man, who provides a more traditional first-person-shooter experience.

COUPLES THERAPY

Keep the peace on the home front with chick-friendly titles.

DISNEY EPIC MICKEY

Disney (Wii)
Hero: Mickey Mouse
Heroic Abilities: Restoring order; re-creating the world with a brush.
Arch Nemeses: The Phantom Blot and Oswald the Lucky Rabbit.
The Plot: Mickey must use the power of paint to repair his relationship with his vengeful, jealous half-brother Oswald.
The Lowdown: Imagine a world where you create or erase objects with paint and paint thinner. (We'd erase lots of women's clothing, just to start.) In this 3-D platformer designed by Warren Spector (*Deus Ex*), Mickey has to use paint and thinner to restore Wasteland, the land of forgotten or discarded cartoons. The story will change as you progress, depending on the paths you choose and whether you help others in their quests or stick to your own goals.

KIRBY: EPIC YARN

Nintendo (Wii)
Hero: Kirby
Heroic Abilities: Turning into a missile-launching tank; squashing enemies in the form of an anvil.
Arch Nemesis: To be revealed.
The Plot: Also to be revealed. We're assuming Kirby will have to accomplish something by game's end.
The Lowdown: This plays like a combination of *Little Big Planet* and *Super Paper Mario*. Just ignore the fact that the co-op character is named Prince Fluff. Kirby doesn't inhale his enemies here, but he does transform into a giant robot, a tank, and a UFO to destroy bosses like the oversize phoenix and fire-breathing dragon.

DONKEY KONG COUNTRY

Nintendo (Wii)
Hero: Donkey Kong
Heroic Abilities: Climbing; pounding the ground with fists.
Arch Nemeses: Tikis
The Plot: Team up with Donkey's nephew Diddy to retrieve the bananas stolen from Donkey Kong Island.
The Lowdown: In this two-dimensional, side-scrolling sequel to the classic Super NES title, the Tikis have coerced the animals into stealing all the bananas. While getting them back, you brave deep mine shafts, treacherous jungles, and pirate-infested beaches, facing off against mutant frogs and other creatures along the way. If you're playing in two-player co-op, Diddy can coast along on Donkey Kong's back, or he can be helpful by shooting peanuts at enemies that come at you from behind and using his jetpack to boost Donkey over large chasms.

GEAR UP FOR ADVENTURE

Indulge in all kinds of action-adventure fantasies.

ASSASSIN'S CREED: BROTHERHOOD

Ubisoft (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)
Hero: Ezio Auditore
Heroic Abilities: Hiding in plain sight; aerial takedowns; horseback riding; charisma.
Arch Nemeses: The Templars
The Plot: The Italian assassin returns to take back Rome.
The Lowdown: Ezio is older and in possession of more useful assassin techniques—like the ability to cut off his pursuers with a heavy gate—which help him not only survive but to succeed at the task at hand. But he can't do it alone. To topple the order, he must pull together a group of rogue assassins who will do his bidding. In addition to the 15-hour single-player story, you can see how your assassin skills stack up against others in such modes as Wanted, where you have to stalk and kill your mark without being spotted by the guy who's after you.

STAR WARS: THE FORCE UNLEASHED 2

LucasArts (Xbox 360, PS3, Wii, PC, Mac, DS)
Hero: Starkiller
Heroic Abilities: Harnessing the powers of the Force; a rebellious streak guided by a strong moral compass; light sabers that can dismember foes.
Arch Nemesis: Darth Vader
The Plot: Vader releases one of Starkiller's clones and sics him on the Jedis.
The Lowdown: He's *baaack*. The dual-light-saber-wielding clone with Starkiller's memories refuses to follow Darth Vader's plan and rejoins the good side of the Force. Thankfully, the levels are more interactive than in the first game, battles have been improved by more precise targeting and smarter enemies, and there are additional Force powers—like the awesome Mind Trick, which you can use to make dumber enemies jump off ledges to their death.

SAW II: FLESH & BLOOD

Konami (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)
Hero: Michael Tapp
Heroic Abilities: Unlocking horrific puzzles; getting out in one piece.
Arch Nemesis: Jigsaw
The Plot: Solve the mystery of your father's death.
The Lowdown: The worse the *Saw* films get, the better the games are. Despite an engaging plot, the first game suffered from unresponsive controls and a clumsy combat system. For the sequel, developer Zombie Studios re-tooled the controls so you can allow yourself time to be freaked out by the gruesome scenes and quick-time traps that Jigsaw leaves behind. The company also adjusted the combat system so that Tapp must defeat his enemies using a combination of timing, evasiveness, and quick thinking instead of brawn. Puzzle-solving masters will want to take on the optional, more difficult puzzles and collect the Billy the Puppet dolls; they'll receive a worthwhile reward.

MAJIN AND THE FORSAKEN KINGDOM

Namco Bandai (Xbox 360, PS3)
Hero: Tepeu
Heroic Abilities: Speed; agility; cunning.
Arch Nemesis: To be revealed.
The Plot: As the trailer puts it, "Eradicate the darkness from the kingdom" and "reclaim nature for all living creatures."
The Lowdown: There have been some famous human-giant pairs in the realm of fantasy: *The Neverending Story*'s Bastian and Falcor. *Labyrinth*'s Sarah and Ludo. Now, there's you and Teotl. The giant assists with the completion of puzzles and defeats injured enemies within the cursed realm that you're determined to explore. But the hulking monster is not a static character. As time ticks by (the game is around 30 hours long), you learn his story as well.

FALLOUT: NEW VEGAS
Bethesda (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)
Hero: The Courier
Heroic Abilities: Precision shooting with the Vault-Tec Assisted Targeting System; building alliances with factions; special melee attacks; weapon crafting.
Arch Nemesis: That's for you to find out.
The Plot: Roam the postapocalyptic open world in pursuit of the one who tried to kill you.
The Lowdown: After you've been shot and left to die in a ditch in the desert, you get rescued by a friendly robot and nursed back to health. Once you customize your character with perks and traits (some of which have negative side effects), you're on mission. As in *Fallout 3,* your actions change your karma and, in turn, how nonplayable characters interact with you, so be careful whom you make friends with. From what we saw, a lot of the gameplay takes place outside New Vegas in a land filled with both gangs looking for easy kills and armored enemies—some human, some not. But once you're on the Strip, you'll find a familiar Sin City with nighttime shows, gambling, crime, and sex.

GOD OF WAR: GHOST OF SPARTA
Sony (PSP)
Hero: Kratos
Heroic Abilities: Turning enemies into sushi with dual blades; pummeling creatures on the ground with deadly fists; using such powerful magic as the Eye of Atlantis; looking like a badass.
Arch Nemeses: The Gods of Mount Olympus
The Plot: Rid yourself of the nightmares plaguing you after you've become the God of War.
The Lowdown: Even before this young Spartan captain slaughtered Ares and ripped off the head of Helios so he could use it as a lantern, he had an extreme thirst for power. In this prequel, you learn Kratos's origin story. The boss monsters, like the Scylla, are even larger, and you have to use your best puzzle-solving skills to defeat them, but you can tackle smaller monsters with the Hyperion Charge or electrify them with the shocking Eye of Atlantis. Or, go *300*-style and pull out a shield and spear to beat back the enemies before impaling them.

GET A LIFE
Explore deep worlds and become one with your character in these roleplaying games.

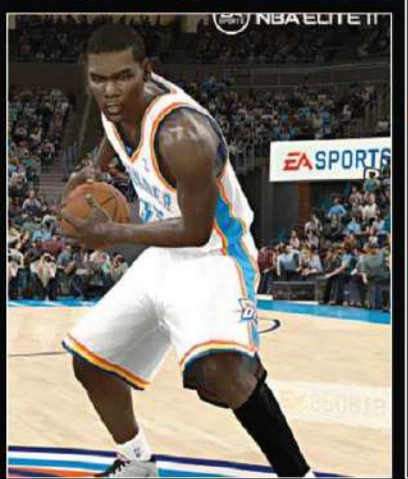
DC UNIVERSE ONLINE
Sony Online Entertainment (PS3, PC)
Hero: Various
Heroic Abilities: That's up to you.
Arch Nemesis: Brainiac
The Plot: Stop Brainiac from destroying the planet.
The Lowdown: Comics fans, meet your time-sucking match. Maybe you've been able to avoid spending countless hours in seemingly endless games because most comics-based titles were action-adventures. Not anymore. Now this massive multiplayer online game gives you the chance to build your own hero or villain and play alongside dozens of the most iconic comic-book characters of all time, including Superman, Batman, the Joker, Catwoman, and Wonder Woman (all designed for the game by Jim Lee) across Metropolis, Gotham City, and other legendary locations. But, in true superhero tradition, you also have a higher calling.

FABLE 3
Microsoft (Xbox 360)
Hero: The heir to the Throne of Albion
Heroic Abilities: Ruling your kingdom with grace or an iron fist; having the opportunity to make moral choices.
Arch Nemesis: Your sibling
The Plot: Rule your world.
The Lowdown: In *Fable II,* the hero's life was tough. He/she was born into poverty, and the moment you thought luck was on your side and your wish to see the inside of the Castle Fairfax was granted, the castle's ruler, Lord Lucien, killed your sister. You spent most of the rest of the game plotting your revenge. Things are a little less stressful this time. You grow up to be a king or a queen, and on the way to claiming the crown you have the opportunity to experience a unique leveling-up system, sans menus. With the help of a butler voiced by John Cleese, you enter a 3-D world and outfit yourself with the magic, armor, and weapons you've discovered or purchased. You'll still be able to do this once you're royalty, but by then you have more pressing concerns—namely, making powerful choices that will have lasting consequences for your subjects.

WORLD OF WARCRAFT: CATACLYSM
Activision Blizzard (PC)
Heroes: New races in this expansion include Goblins (Horde) and Worgen (Alliance).
Heroic Abilities: There are endless possibilities.
Arch Nemesis: Deathwing the Destroyer
The Plot: Kick some dragon ass.
The Lowdown: Deathwing has changed the landscape so much that your journey to the final battle will look very different from that of the original. Level caps have been raised to 85 and there will be more zones in which you can fly, but other major changes include the removal of attack power, spell power, and armor protection from most gear items and—more important—talent trees that have been streamlined. Also, once you reach level 10, you're locked into the same specialization until level 70.

NBA ELITE 11
EA (Xbox 360, PS3)
VS.
NBA 2K11
2K Sports (Xbox 360, PS3, Wii, PC)

Are you ready for a great game of basketball?



Control Changes
The controls have been entirely remapped from *NBA Elite 10*. The right analog stick will be used for dribbling and shooting, and every flick of the stick yields an action by the player.

Combos using the left analog stick and trigger will set most dribbling moves in motion; the right stick affects the direction of your shots. You can tap the right bumper button to see your passing options.

Artificial-Intelligence Improvements
Players no longer have canned animations following a button press—you're in control.

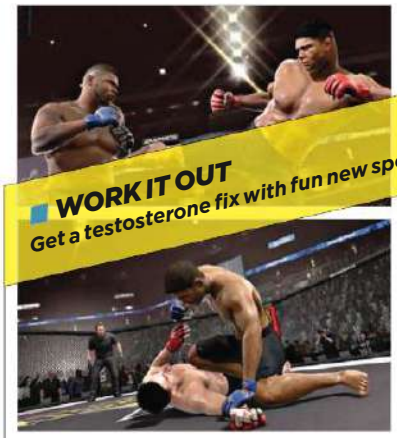
The other team is ready to interrupt your shots and steal the ball as you dribble down the court.

In-Box Bonus
A code to download a high-def version of *NBA Jam* that features the Play Now, Classic Campaign, and Online modes.

Special Modes
Replay some of Michael Jordan's most famous games or dribble down the boards of iconic stadiums as a member of popular teams from the 1980s and 1990s.

WORK IT OUT

Get a testosterone fix with fun new sports titles.



EA SPORTS MMA

EA (Xbox 360, PS3)

With the debut of *Fight Night Round 3* in 2006, EA stepped up the intensity in the videogaming ring, delivering a knockout blow to other publishers that dared to release a boxing game. Now the company is bringing you hard-hitting, inside-the-octagon action that will throw down a challenge to THQ's *UFC* series. It's unlikely you'll be able to play as any of the reigning UFC champs, but you can choose from former UFC fighters and guys who compete in such other leagues as Strikeforce. Or build your own fighter in Career Mode and help him rise through the ranks using well-timed grapples, punches, kicks, and submissions.

GRAN TURISMO 5

Sony (PS3)

Patience is a virtue, especially when it came to waiting for the sequel to 2004's *Gran Turismo 4.* After countless teasers, this highly anticipated racing simulator is finally coming out. The 20-plus tracks (including *Top Gear*'s test track) will be playable in 3-D, and will be compatible with the PlayStation Move. There are around 1,000 cars, more than 70 variations on the tracks, an in-game track editor, and the ability to import your garage from *GT Prologue* or *GT PSP,* making for endless permutations to the thrilling races. Just watch out for curves; if you spin off the track or crash into another car, you experience real-time mechanical and visual damage based on how fast you were going and the point of impact. And once you've practiced enough—oops, we mean had enough of racing offline—you can compete against 15 other players online.

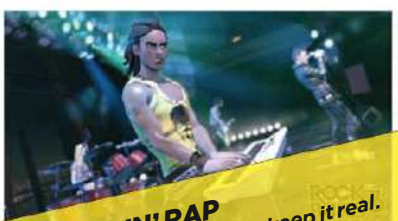
LUCHA LIBRE AAA: HEROES OF THE RING

Konami (Xbox 360, PS3, Wii, PSP, DS)

A growing interest in Mexican wrestling among Americans explains the first Lucha Libre–themed console game. You play as either one of the *técnicos* (good guys) or *rudos* (bad guys), and use each side's signature moves (such as grapples as opposed to eye pokes) to gain popularity, which makes it easier to defeat the other *luchador*. You also have the opportunity to develop a wrestler, design his unique mask, and use him to dominate opponents in mask-vs.-mask matches. Then, after you've stolen those losers' masks, humiliate them in mask-vs.-hair matches.

ROCK 'N' RAP

New music games let you keep it real.



ROCK BAND 3

MTV Games/Harmonix (Xbox 360, PS3, Wii)

Why a third *Rock Band*? Two kinda cool things: the 25-key keyboard and the ability to play the game with actual instruments. If you want to learn how to play for real, the new Pro instrument modes show you which frets to press or which cymbals to hit. However, the awesomeness factor goes up to 11 when you plug in Fender's *Rock Band 3* Squier Stratocaster, a real guitar that will track your finger positioning and, if plugged into an amp, make your *Rock Band* parties *much* louder.

Killer Tracks: "Bohemian Rhapsody" by Queen; "Break on Through (to the Other Side)" by the Doors; "Don't Stand So Close to Me" by the Police; "Werewolves of London" by Warren Zevon; "I Need to Know" by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers; "Smoke on the Water" by Deep Purple; "Fly Like an Eagle" by Steve Miller Band; and—yes—"Free Bird" by Lynryd Skynyrd.

DEF JAM RAPSTAR

4MM/Konami (Xbox 360, PS3, Wii)

Thanks to the popularity of such karaoke games as *SingStar, Guitar Hero World Tour,* and *Rock Band,* even the shiest wallflowers are picking up the mike. But there haven't been any successful karaoke games centered around hip-hop, unless you're one of the few who enjoyed *Get On Da Mic*. The developers of this title hope to change that. The game will feature more than 40 tracks (likely with more available as post-release downloadable content) from artists who span hip-hop's decades and genres, including Kanye West, Public Enemy, Outkast, and Lil Wayne. If your console is camera-equipped, you can share your audio and video on the game's community boards. Then, if you really want to prove you've got mad skills, throw down your own lyrics over beats from top producers.

A Man for All Seasons

Morgan Freeman, one of the rare performers who takes acting to artistic heights, has been a star for more than three decades in an industry where being older and/or African-American can be a career killer.

By Craig Modderno

"Who the devil do teenagers like these days? Morgan Freeman."
—Stewie Griffin

The 73-year-old has played the president of the United States; the head of the CIA; a street pimp; a crime boss named simply the Boss; a boxing trainer; the driver of Miss Daisy; a bald New York judge; the prison inmate you would most want on your side; a Civil War soldier; a sophisticated detective; Malcolm X, Frederick Douglass, *and* Nelson Mandela; and, oh yeah, God. He debuted on Broadway in *Hello, Dolly!* with Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway, and spent several years on *The Electric Company* as, among other characters, Easy Reader, Mad Scientist, Count Dracula, and Mel Mounds. He's earned five Academy Award nominations and won Best Actor in a Supporting Role for *Million Dollar Baby*. His deep and reassuring speaking voice has enhanced TV specials on subjects from the Civil War, slavery, and blues music to film and Clint Eastwood; and provided the narration for a variety of projects, from such documentaries as the award-winning *March of the Penguins* and *Magnificent Desolation: Walking on the Moon* and a TV production of *A Raisin in the Sun* to several of the movies in which he's starred. He's even discussed sex with Clint Eastwood while riding horseback in the Old West, and helped Batman develop the cool gadgets and gear that allow the masked vigilante to kick criminal ass. The Mississippi native truly is a man for all seasons.

What made you decide to do your new action film, *Red,* with Bruce Willis?
It was pretty much the same thing that attracts me to almost anything I do: I needed a job [*laughs*]. Put that up there in the first column.... I really admire Bruce Willis. He's got a good track record and has done some very interesting films. He's also fun to work with. We have the same kind of attitude on the set, which is, everything is on the surface and it's just a movie. Bruce is very professional, but he doesn't have the attitude that what he does is holy. You do your work, then they say "Cut," then you talk about something else, like baseball. Bruce doesn't hit his head between takes trying to stay in character or in the moment.

When Clint Eastwood first met with you about costarring in *Unforgiven,* what do you think he really wanted to know about you?
I don't know if he wanted to know anything because he didn't meet with me. I was in Africa when I got a phone call from my agent telling me Clint wanted me to be in this western. When we were making *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves,* Kevin Costner told me about this script that Clint owned which had a role I should campaign for. Clint later sent me the script, but I didn't meet him until I got to Calgary.

You've been directed by Eastwood in three films. How has your personal and professional relationship changed?

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY PATRICK/HEADPRESS/RETNA LTD.

It's just gotten deeper. I've been a big fan of his since he starred in the Sergio Leone–directed [Man With No Name] trilogy, which they shot in Italy. Watching Clint progress as an actor/director in his career, starting with his amazing work in both areas in *Play Misty for Me,* I got an entirely different feeling as to who he was as an actor. He was not invincible at all, but ready to show a lot of vulnerability. In all the films he's done, particularly as a director, there's always been something special that's gotten my attention.

Has there been a film in recent years that you wished you were offered?
I wish I was offered almost everything I've seen Denzel Washington in [*laughs*]. That's a good answer. That's probably the answer.

Have you ever turned down a film that you knew would be successful because you suspected you weren't right for it?
There was only one film—*Bopha*—which I would have been right for, but I decided against it because I was directing the picture. I just didn't see myself in that role, but I could clearly see Danny Glover. I have not had the misfortune of turning something down that I knew would be a hit. There aren't any roles I'd turn down except roles of religious posturing of any kind. And I don't care if they're in a film that could be a big hit, because I would still turn them down.

Why didn't you ever direct a film again?
Directing has three parts: preproduction and production, which are great fun for me, and post-production, which I find boring because you're only approving the work of an editor or a sound person. Also, I'm not very interested in ADR [automated dialog replacement], which is basically looping. Some actors are very good at it and some actors really suck at it ... [and] I find it hard to imagine that you can't reproduce your own rhythm or voice. I found that I'm basically lazy. I love acting, but it doesn't take that long. If I'm lucky I can do four movies a year as an actor, but only one as a director.

Why haven't you played more villains?
Once I did *Glory* and *Driving Miss Daisy,* I think my slot was set. Paramount Pictures reshot the endings of *Deep Impact* and *Hard Rain* because the test audiences didn't like the fact that I died. I love being cast against type, but audiences seem to trust me when I'm on-screen, which makes producers reluctant to mess with that faith by casting me as a bad guy.

Most actors work from the inside out or vice versa in finding a character. What was your creative process in playing God?
Good question. God is not something you've got to look for. My belief in God is total. I'm God. [*Looking amused*] You look disappointed that I didn't go for the laugh here.

If you were an aspiring actor, would you be disappointed if you lost a role to an inexperienced rapper because the film studio thought the rapper had an audience that would buy tickets to see him on the big screen?
Yes, I would, if I was any kind of actor. I understand it because I remember when Hollywood was hiring sports figures for acting roles because they assumed athletes had the celebrity to put people in the seats. Mind you, I don't believe that stars make movies. I think that movies make stars. There's a barrier actors have to cross before film studios think they're able or bankable.

***Se7en* had you and Brad Pitt as detectives tracking a serial killer who specialized in gruesome murders. How did you relax or stay sane while working on this grim movie?**
Actors sometimes have what is called the Othello Syndrome, which is where they get so caught up in their roles that they take the character offstage or home with them. I never do that because I don't confuse movies with reality. I knew that, as distasteful as the murders were in *Se7en,* when the director said "Cut" the victims would get up, get cleaned up, and go about the rest of their day.

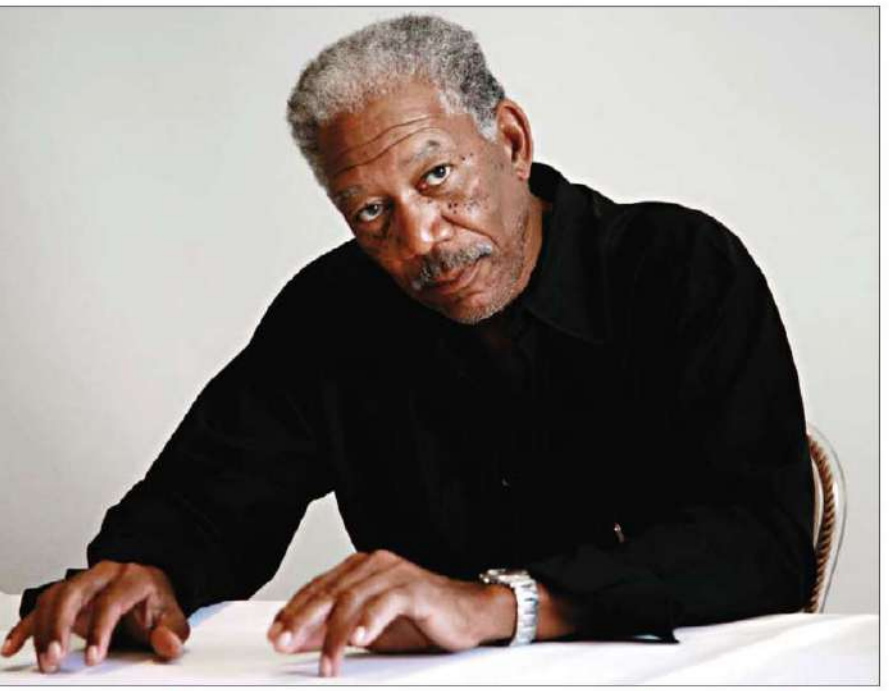
***Bonfire of the Vanities* was one of the most acclaimed books of its time. Brian De Palma directed Tom Hanks, Melanie Griffith, Bruce Willis, and you in the movie. So why was it one of the worst films ever?**
I don't think it's that bad, but I never saw it. I read the book, which was excellent. It's evil when you read a really great book and the filmmakers don't seem to get it. That happened to me with another book I loved entitled *The Power of One*. After I read it I wanted to be in the movie and I was sorry I was.

Robert Sellers has written an excellent new book called *Hollywood Hellraisers,* which is about Marlon Brando, Warren Beatty, Dennis Hopper, and your *Bucket List* costar Jack Nicholson. Have you ever raised hell with Jack?
I don't raise hell. That's not my thing. I once went to a Lakers game with Jack, enjoyed his company, and when the game was over he took me home and he went home. I'm not really big on hanging out. I'm too old, been there, done that, and I was married most of my adult life.

At age 71 you became the object of stories in the tabloids. [Freeman crashed his car into a tree

Freeman with Lee Chamberlin on *The Electric Company* in 1971.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (LEFT) EVERETT COLLECTION, (ABOVE) ARMANDO GALLO/RETNA LTD.



"There aren't any roles I'd turn down except religious posturing of any kind. And I don't care if they're in a film that could be a big hit."

while driving with a female passenger who was not his wife. Despite their persistent claims that they were not romantically involved, the tabloids and gossip bloggers had a field day.] Does that amaze you, amuse you, or piss you off?
All three. I used to be amazed that they weren't picking on me. I thought [with my success] I'd be singled out for some of this shit. When they did it, it was like jumping right into my family. It drove my friends crazy, so that pissed me off a lot. The rest is just nonsense. The question is, what do you do about it? The answer is to just let it die of its own weight.

How did your life change two years ago when you broke your arm and elbow in that crash?
I also fractured my shoulder blade. What happened was, I suffered nerve damage in the arm. The doctor said stretched nerves are the hardest to heal. If they had been severed, they'd grow back together in a much shorter time. The nerves grow back at a rate of one inch a month. Since I've got long arms, I've got another year for my nerves to reconnect. My life has changed because I'm basically one-handed. I can't fly my plane, sail my boat, or play golf. Actually, I tried playing golf and discovered I'm just as good playing with one hand as I am playing with two.

When you were a struggling actor, what or who encouraged you not to give up?
Sidney Poitier's career. The fact that he was there and giving memorable performances in popular movies that crossed racial lines was extremely encouraging to me. His career and how he's handled himself as a trailblazer in civil rights is still an inspiration to me.

Did you encounter racism when you began making movies?
Racism is so cloaked sometimes that it's hard to call it what it is. I had a period when things came to a halt for me, when I thought my career was starting to ramp up. For example, I was sent a script for a remake of the classic horror thriller *The Thing*. There were 11 roles, I think, and eight of them were written for white men, all of them scientists. I go for the interview and they ask me what I thought of the script. I told them I wondered why all the support-group characters, like the cook, were black, but none of the scientists were. I don't know if it was racism or just neglect, but that's what I mean about racism being cleverly cloaked.

Is racism being cloaked in our society today?
Absolutely. Look at what's going on in politics right now. We have a black president, and there are people who are going butt-fuck over that fact. Former Vice President Dan Quayle's son Ben, who's running for Congress in Arizona, said Obama was the worst president we've ever had. This statement alone makes him the dumbest white person on the planet! That's why we need broadcasters like Keith Olbermann to go after stupid politicians like Quayle when they play the race card to win votes.

You did the narration and were the costar of the popular prison drama *The Shawshank Redemption*. Did you see those as two different roles, perhaps the soul and the survivor respectively?
[*Starts to answer, then pauses*] You probably nailed it right there. I did the narration in an hour, then just concentrated on my acting. When I think back on the film, maybe you're right. They do seem to be two different people in regards to their part in the picture.

What don't you want to hear from a director?
"That's very good. Let's do it again." If it's very good, then why the hell do you want to do it again? I don't like directors who keep shooting a scene because they don't know what they're doing and they don't know when they've got it. Why don't any of these film schools teach directors how to direct actors?

Do you think you're getting better at your craft?
God, I'd like to think so [*laughs*]. If you're not getting better, you're standing still, which is even worse. I'd still like to do a romantic film and a western. When I first got on the stage I was eight years old, doing a school pageant entitled *Little Boy Blue*. I remember thinking back then, *I belong here. I am an actor!* Whenever times get tough, I recall that moment and then feel myself getting stronger, more confident, and thus, I guess, better at my craft.

Mud wrestling and its Jell-O counterpart will always be near and dear to our loins, but ladies' arm wrestling is bringing a new age of female domination upon us.

By Kristin Coronado

GIRLS

Tara Armov (Claire Jakubiszyn), left, and Gaga Gunshow (Stephanie Brandenburg), right.

GRIP

Gaga Gunshow (Stephanie Brandenburg) and Tara Armov (Claire Jakubiszyn)

Tara Armov (Claire Jakubiszyn)

Katie "the Hurricane" Couric (Katherine Kijowski)

Killer Bee Entourage (Jessica Antes)

The scene taking place in the back room of Chicago's Mystic Celt bar has all the trappings of a fetish film. A twentysomething blonde wearing brown furry bear ears and leggings dances with a modern-style geisha to Michael Jackson's "Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough." They're soon joined by a pink Strawberry Shortcake and a pregnant Angelina Jolie impersonator. It's an almost innocent scene, until the bearish femme growls and rips a baby doll from between the legs of the would-be Angie. Too bad no one else is even paying attention.

Instead, 150-plus pairs of eyes are glued to Karie Miller as the mistress of ceremonies stomps onto the red-and-black-streaked plywood platform that serves as a stage. The 28-year-old—a towering glamazon in fishnets and a black tutu, breasts straining against her deep V-neck tank top—yells, "Shut the fuck up!" She bats her silver-lined eyelashes in flirtatious frustration before adding, in a naughty Russian accent, "This is when I tell you who the wrestlers are, so shut the fuck up!"

As Miller rattles off a comical list of names, the bizarrely erotic charade of moments earlier begins to make sense. The bearish babe is introduced as Grizzelda Mange (Sabrina Pratt, 26). The others are Strawberry Shivcake (Ellen Wohlberg, 27), Armjolina Jolie (Nicki James, 28), and Molly Emmons, 29; and they're four of the nine feisty competitors taking part in the night's bout of the Chicago League of Lady Arm Wrestlers (otherwise known as CLLAW).

That's right: A new age of female domination is upon us. Megan Smith, the 26-year-old responsible for the event, a bimonthly fund-raiser for the Sideshow Theatre, sums it up: "There's something edgy, sexy, and dangerous about a bunch of women arm wrestling." Tonight Smith is zipping around in a golden-flecked leotard and roller skates as the Cutting Edge.

"There are strong, powerful women onstage," Smith continues. "There's something very attractive about that."

No kidding. This throwdown is only CLLAW's fifth tournament, but fans of these heady heroines aren't alone when it comes to getting their rocks off via knuckle-baring contests. Ladies' arm-wrestling leagues from Taos, New Mexico, to the Hudson Valley in New York have divas of all shapes, ages, and professions embracing fisty feats of strength—and men and women clamoring for their next voyeuristic fix.

If you had told that to Jennifer Hoyt Tidwell a few years ago, she would have been more likely to challenge you to an arm-wrestling match than to take you seriously. The single mother dreamed up a women's arm-wrestling league while lifting weights at a Charlottesville, Virginia, gym, teasingly asking the ladies around her if they'd ever consider joining. Turns out the joke was on her, says Hoyt Tidwell: "Everyone was seriously saying, 'Yes, I want to do this!' "

A few months later, in February 2008, the inaugural Charlottesville Lady Arm Wrestlers (CLAW) event took place in the back room of the Blue Moon Diner. Instead of the body-builder broads one might expect, the fierce female competitors were the kind of nonthreatening women you might encounter in everyday life, from hairstylists to newspaper editors. Yet when paraded in front of the audience by their boisterous managers—whose sole responsibility was to cajole the audience to bet paper CLAWbucks (two for a dollar) on their fighters—they transformed into rough 'n' tough alter egos. There were vixens in clingy bodysuits, like Stiletto Southpaw and the Punctuator, and a Mohawked predator named Pit Bull. The matches between the wrestlers, in which they had to win two out of three, didn't take long, leaving plenty of time between sets for the house band, aptly called Straight Punch to the Crotch, to keep

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PREVIOUS SPREAD, ABOVE TOP CENTER, FAR RIGHT) JONATHAN GREEN; (ABOVE LEFT, BOTTOM CENTER, AND RIGHT) RAY TONSIENGSOM

the freewheelin' vibe flowing with ditties like "I Love My CLAW." The event quickly became a party for all ages: What began as a crowd of 50 curious onlookers had, by July 2009, evolved into a throng of 700-plus swarming the diner's parking lot.

Hoyt Tidwell had hit a nerve, and since then she's helped other leagues get off the ground. Chicago's Karie Miller brought the concept home after finishing graduate school at the University of Virginia. She had been asked to moonlight as a manager for Stiletto Southpaw (Bree Luck) a month before she left for the Windy City; after moving, she mentioned the concept during a fund-raising brainstorming session for Sideshow. CLLAW was born in February 2009.

For Susan Nuss, the creator of Taos BRAWL, in Taos, New Mexico, the inspiration for her local league was more serendipitous. She was eating pancakes at a Sautee, Georgia, bed-and-breakfast in August 2008 when another guest, Hoyt Tidwell, sat across from her in a CLAW T-shirt. "She told us about the league," recalls the 44-year-old Nuss, "and I thought, *What a fantastic thing*." Nuss launched her league last November.

Nina Feldman participated in the Hudson Valley, New York, league, and the 22-year-old couldn't resist starting up her own when she relocated to New Orleans in August 2009. The first match, this past January, was an overwhelmingly rowdy success. "People were just getting crazy," Feldman says. "It's almost chaotic—more like a party, less like a show."

The concept has slight variations in each city—the Charlottesville champion wins a creepy set of fake fingernails, while the Taos victor dons a WWE-style belt—but all share one core mission: giving back to their communities. Proceeds from each wrestling event benefit a different local charity, from women's prisons to children's music programs.

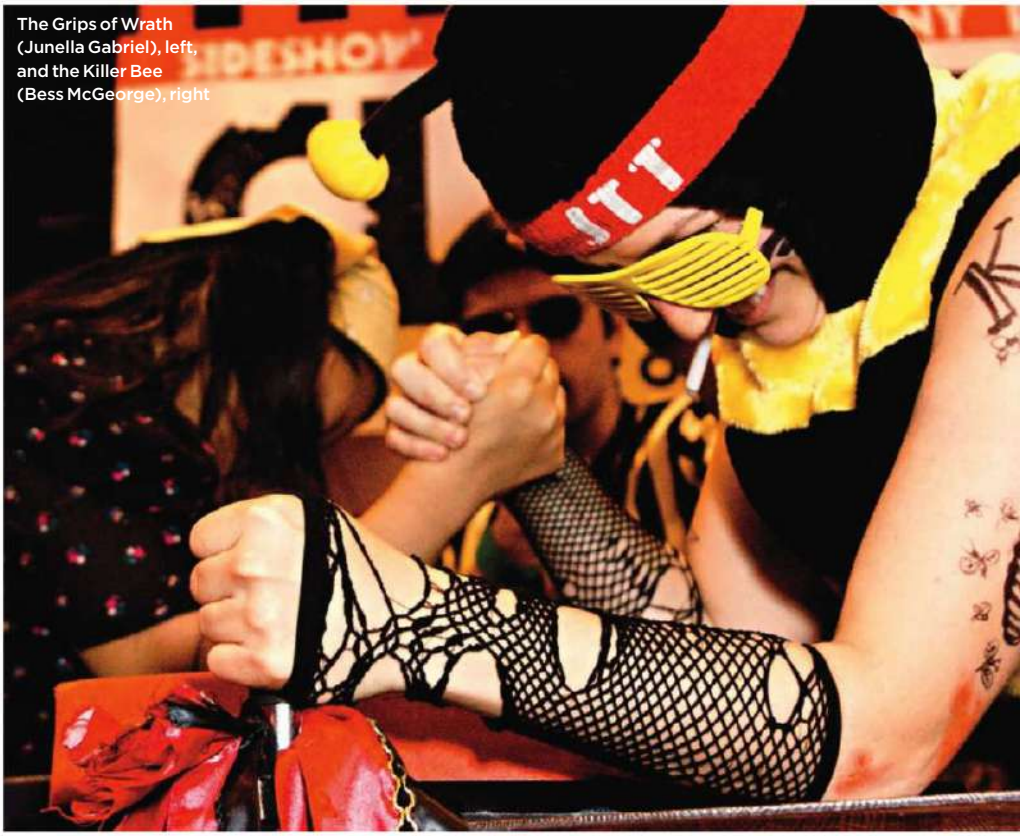
The leagues also all have a pretty strict adherence to the four pages of rules written by the official CLAW referee, Charlottesville lawyer Jude Silveira. The 41-year-old explains his referee persona as "a stickler for the rules," then adds, "he will also speak in an argot that is unique to him alone, with fairly precise terms that are also asinine. The platform is the floor machine. The chair is the anti-gravitational device. These words change over time with whatever I come up with." Additional stipulations include bans on kicking the under-the-table umpire (yes, someone sits down there to make sure the chicks' asses stay in place) and laughing at one's own jokes, a foul that earns the competitor a bag over her head.

Still, those refs and rules are not just for saucy entertainment value. Watching these ladies grunt and grimace under the forceful pressure of their forms makes it pretty clear that the sporting event is potentially dangerous. "We train the girls beforehand," says Nuss. "There's a certain grip where you could snap your forearm. It's happened in professional arm-wrestling competitions. We don't want that to happen. You have to keep your face and arm in front of you. As soon as you're turning away from your arm, you can snap it." The Godmother herself, Hoyt Tidwell, admits that she's gripped an opponent so tightly that she broke capillaries in her hand—"It looked nasty," she says—but so far that's as far as it's gone.

If anything, though, the mix of empowerment and risk makes it even more attractive. To date, there are nine leagues in various stages of development, from Nachadoges, Texas, to Lafayette, Louisiana. And since the leagues stay in touch with one another, another playful jest of Hoyt Tidwell's is becoming a reality: The ladies of CLAW are planning to host the first national tournament. "It's going to have a street-fair vibe," says Hoyt Tidwell. "We're hoping to block off the street in front of the Blue Moon Diner and have the local restaurants set up food stands. Maybe have one of the local breweries or distributors sponsor it. We'd love to create our own beer label."

Cheers to that. If this event in Chicago is any indication of what to expect, when the evening's champ, Killer Bee (Bess McGeorge, 29), taunted losers by whipping the CLLAW sash between her legs, it will be one hell of a show. After all, all these women like to be on top.

"There's something edgy, sexy, and dangerous about a bunch of women arm wrestling. There are strong, powerful women onstage."



The Grips of Wrath (Junella Gabriel), left, and the Killer Bee (Bess McGeorge), right

RUMP ROMP

Ass men, rejoice! This new coffee-table art book has hundreds of trouser-tightening shots of perfect posteriors.

By Christine Colby

December 2008 Pet of the Month Tori Black, photographed by Ed Fox
Book cover: Alexis Texas by Ed Fox

Alexis Texas, photographed by Roman Video

Lola, photographed by Mike James

Cynthia, photographed by John Stagliano

Society's eroticization of body parts has always been capricious. In the Victorian age, a mere glimpse of a woman's ankle was scandalous. In the twenties, a slim, boyish figure was all the rage. In the fifties, pinups were built like the decade's cars—lush and decadent, with protruding fins and headlights. The nineties ushered in an age of breast worship, during which a huge set of implants on a stick-thin body became de rigueur for any aspiring starlet or reality-TV famewhore. As we settle into the twenty-first century, it's become obvious that attention has shifted downward, sparked initially by Jennifer Lopez, but carried on nobly by such celebrities as Kim Kardashian; Jessica Biel; Ice-T's wife, Coco; and other amply bottomed women.

Now, with the recent publication of *The Big Butt Book,* editor Dian Hanson —who has been delivering quality erotic books for German publisher Taschen since 2001—has a new offering to follow her popular *The Big Penis Book* and *The Big Book of Breasts*. Fans of junk in the trunk won't be able to get enough of the tome, an appropriately generously sized coffee-table art book containing more than 400 photographs celebrating beautiful butts throughout history, including Penthouse Pet Tori Black

Georgia Jones, photographed by Ed Fox

Nicole, photographed by John Stagliano

Racheal, photographed by Mike James

Lola and Racheal, photographed by Mike James

and *Penthouse* models Alexis Texas and Georgia Jones.

According to Hanson, "This book was the hardest to compile of the whole series, as unlike big breasts and big penises, whose popularity is eternal, the taste for big butts is a recent phenomenon in the United States, dating back a mere ten years. As such, it marks the first significant change in our beauty aesthetic since World War II." Women who fear they have a less-than-inspiring ass can now augment their shapes with padded panties and surgical butt lifts and butt implants, which are becoming more common.

Rapper Sir-Mix-A-Lot waxed poetic about his love for "back" in 1992, but the hip-hop community's long-standing appreciation of big butts has become increasingly cross-culturally prevalent in recent years, with music videos featuring "booty popping" by dancers with ravishing rears. As Mr. A-Lot proclaims, "Then turn around! Stick it out!/ Even white boys got to shout/ Baby got back!" (Not that his was the first ode to terrific tushes—see Queen's "Fat Bottomed Girls" and Spiñal Tap's "Big Bottom.")

The Big Butt Book is a must for fans of the fanny, but to tide you over until you get your copy, enjoy these standout images from its pages.

phoenix

Adult-film star Phoenix Marie is making an indelible impression on the industry, and enjoying every minute of her career as much as her fans do: "Every sexual experience I've shared on and off camera has meant something. I share a part of me with my partners, and find out about their desires. I truly love what my career has allowed me to learn about myself, and that goes beyond the bedroom."

Photographs by Emma Nixon

is rising

"There's something so sexy about a man taking control. My favorite fantasy is a guy coming up behind me while I'm cooking, grabbing me, and screwing me on the kitchen counter."

"I really enjoyed this whole shoot, but what stands out for me is the part in the shower. When I was trying to tear off my wet shirt, it just wouldn't rip!"

"I once had sex on a Harley while my ex was driving us to the Laughlin River Run. I used his 20-inch ape-hanger handlebars to push against him."

THE BIG RIP

PHOENIX MARIE
NOVEMBER 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MO

NTH

"Sex is a learning experience. I show a new partner what I want by guiding his or her hand to the right spot. Or just ask for what you want. Being vocal is a huge turn-on if you say it right."

PHOENIX MARIE
NOVEMBER 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MO

NTH

Vital stats:
28 years old
5'9"; 34DD-26-40

Hometown:
Riverside, California.

Favorite food:
Spicy! Mexican and Italian are my favorites.

Favorite music:
I listen to everything, but country and hip-hop the most.

Favorite sport:
I play every sport except golf. It's just not my thing ... yet. And I ride motorcycles, dirt bikes, and quads.

Favorite vacation spot:
I recently went scuba diving in the Bahamas for the first time. It was amazing, and made me fall in love with the place. I can't wait to go back!

Dream vacation spot:
Italy, because it's part of my family's heritage.

You're always up for:
Disneyland, roller coasters, junk food, and fireworks.

Most daring thing you've ever done:
Go on a zip line in Puerta Vallarta. I'm afraid of heights, but it was such an adrenaline rush. I love that feeling.

Describe your first time in three words:
That was interesting!

How would you describe yourself?
I'm a huge dork! I collect comic books, I like both *Star Wars* and *Star Trek*, and I love to laugh and to make others laugh, even if it's at me.

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nothing's shocking

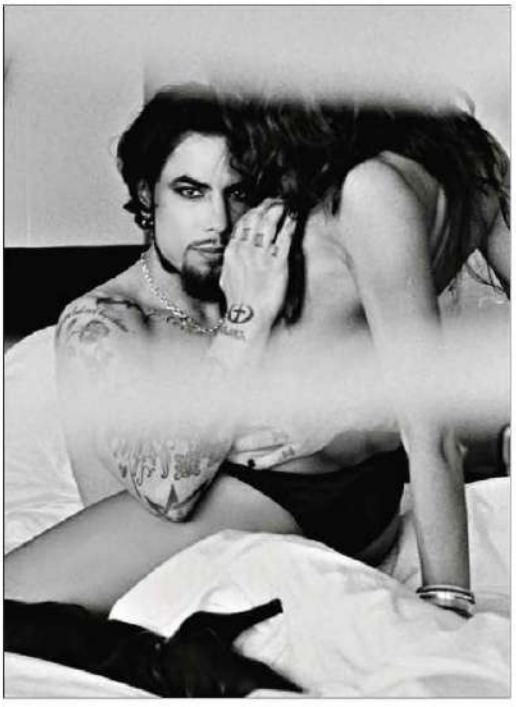
"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

■ **How do you deal with rejection? How long do you wait before you find the nerve to ask someone out again? Do you tell yourself you're a good person and have worth even if others are too shallow or too blind to see it?**
Rejection stings, but it's usually a blow to the ego more than anything. Once you can see it for what it is, rejection doesn't have to feel so huge and overwhelming. Nobody gets everything they want all the time. It's that simple. Try not to let it define you; don't think, *Oh, I'm no good. I'm a poor, rejected soul nobody will love.* That's just not true. Move on, wish them well, and chalk it up to a learning experience. You took a chance and everything is going to be okay. Try not to confuse a blow to the ego with heartbreak. The bottom line is, it doesn't change who you are.

■ **Let's say you had sex with someone and he had a small penis. You really want to go at it again, but he doesn't give you that "full" feeling. What do you do? I really want to have fun, but I'm stuck for ideas. We don't see each other all the time, so when we do, I want to feel good, too.**
Obviously *something* is working, as you say you want to see him again. If you two have chemistry and enjoy each other, then you're already way ahead of many people. Why not introduce toys into your relationship? There are a number of devices that can be enjoyable for both of you. Perhaps go shopping together and make a fun date out of it. You can experiment with positions, and orally satisfy each other. Also, talk to your girlfriends and see if any of them have dealt with this situation. Perhaps they can help.

■ **Do you think it's unrealistic for a girl to expect her rock-star boyfriend/husband to be faithful while on the road?**



PHOTOGRAPH BY LISA BOYLE

Not at all ... and the Loch Ness Monster, ghosts, UFOs, and Bigfoot are all real, too. (Kidding!) Not only have I been able to maintain a relationship while on the road for many months, I have seen it done by my bandmates as well. It really depends on how strong your relationship is. If someone is going to cheat, they are going to do it regardless of what they do for a living or where they are.

■ **My boyfriend and I got into an argument because I told him that I consider him a cheater if he receives a lap dance, since it's a half-naked woman grinding on my man. He says it's not cheating. What should I do?**
Well, that can be a gray area. A lap dance isn't really "cheating," as it's essentially a business exchange in the world of erotic arts. Having said that, I know some women are comfortable with their men receiving them and others are not. This really comes down to the couple's own guidelines that have been set. I don't believe there are absolutes in this area. I suppose you can ask him if he would be comfortable with some guy dancing and grinding an erection on you, but that may exacerbate the issue. Ha-ha!

In this situation, each couple needs to reach their own agreement. I can tell you that when I was married, my wife was okay with it, provided she was present. She would not have been okay with my sneaking off to participate on my own.

But the real issue may not be the lap dance. Sometimes men have a negative reaction simply because they're being told they cannot do one thing or another. This can bring up all kinds of childhood issues and play into their need to leave the nest. If possible, try to reach a compromise.

■ **Any advice about how to cope with/get rid of my sister's boyfriend? Some background: They've been going out for more than ten years. He's been shitty to her about our family; given her hell about going on vacation with me or whenever he saw mail with my handwriting on it; engaged in general psychological bullying; and a year ago he encouraged her to give up a good job to follow him to Australia while he's a student there. She has no job or career now, due to being on his visa. Now she's planning to marry him, after telling us for years about him being a total shit. My reaction to the news wasn't so great and she's not talking to me. I know it's her life, but I can't help but worry. She's my little sis, despite being nearly 40.**
This will sound harsh, but there really is nothing you can do. Let it go. You've stated how you feel, and hammering her on the subject is only going to create a wedge between you and cause even more resentment. She is, after all, a grown woman, and it is her life. All you can do is let her know you're there for her and go on with your life. Sometimes people recoil when they're hit with what appears to them to be an endless string of negative comments. Much like an addict, they can't be helped until they're ready to be helped. You can set boundaries in terms of how much interaction you have with this guy, but if you interfere further, you're just setting yourself up for disaster.

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.

PRETTY PROTEST

By Reverend Jen

In a magical time called the 1970s, people used to streak for the hell of it, sprinting buck-nekkid through crowded events just to feel the wind in their pubes and elicit a few yuks. But those halcyon days are over. In today's pubeless, fast-paced world, everyone is too busy texting and tweeting to run around naked for no apparent reason. Nowadays, everything—even boobs—needs to have a message or a cause. The good news is that increasing numbers of individuals (some of them smokin' hot) are getting naked (or nearly naked) for their cause. The even better news: Getting naked is still fun!

In Essex, England, more than 100 thrill seekers stripped down and rode the Green Scream roller coaster at Adventure Island to raise money for Southend Hospital Charitable Foundation's Bosom Pals Appeal, a breast-cancer charity. Their bare-assed bravery earned them not only £22,000 for the cause but also the world record for biggest naked roller-coaster ride. But the most shocking thing: All participants put their hands in the air.

In Spain, several lovely stewardesses stripped down, not for charity but to protest the injustice done to them when their airline went under and their salaries went unpaid. The flight attendants of the grounded airline, Comet Air, posed nude in a calendar to draw attention to their plight. The calendar shows the female flight attendants posing in and outside airline cabins, and in one case on top of a jet turbine clad in nothing but an inflatable vest and a pair of aviator shades. Who knew the friendly skies were *that* friendly?

Closer to home, a bevy of courageous strippers from the Foxhole, an Ohio gentleman's club, staged a protest outside a church that had been protesting *them*. For the past four years, Pastor Bill Dunfee from New Beginnings Ministries has led weekly demonstrations outside the Foxhole, where protesters employed such tactics as filming clubgoers' license plates and posting them online. The Foxhole employees grew so fed up with the churchgoers that they mounted a counterprotest outside the church one Sunday morning. Clad in bikinis, they doused one another with Super Soakers, grilled burgers and corn on the cob, and waved signs carrying relevant scriptures like "Matthew 7:15: Beware of false prophets, who come to you in sheep's clothing."

"When these morons go away, we'll go away," said Tommy George, the club's owner. "The great thing about this country is that everyone has a right to believe what they want."

The pastor felt differently, saying of his congregation, "They have now seen the evil firsthand."

Um. We wouldn't mind seeing that evil firsthand, too.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PRETTY PROTEST) CHRIS RADBURN/AP IMAGES, (KAYDEN KROSS) J. STEPHEN HICKS, (CASSIA RILEY) KEN MARCUS

LOVE FOR SALE

Women on both sides of the sexual spectrum are offering themselves up online, whether to save their families or as a public service.

This summer, an 18-year-old Hungarian schoolgirl known only as "Miss Spring," who claimed to have never had a boyfriend, proffered her maidenhead on eBay. Once the auction site got wise to her scheme, her auction was removed, but she had raised enough publicity to continue the bidding on her own. She wanted to raise money to pay her family's debts and save their home. "I don't think there is anything wrong with it. It's just for one night," she told Orange UK. "And I think it's actually quite romantic, because the man who pays me this money will be helping to save my family from being homeless. He will be our savior." She continued, "Since the media frenzy started, a lot of people have called me a martyr or a slut. I am neither. I am just a girl who wants ... to take care of her family." The final two bidders both dashed their chance to besmirch her innocence by offering to marry her, but not before the auction ended at about $320,000. "For me, this was supposed to be a one-off thing," Miss Spring told the *Daily Mail*. "Getting married and living with someone is a challenge I am not sure I am yet ready for." It's not known publicly whether Miss Spring's virtue remains intact, but if nothing else, we've learned that the market price for virginity has skyrocketed since 18-year-old lesbian Rosie Reid bartered hers online for around $20,000 in 2004.

If an experienced woman is more to your taste, you're in luck if you're Chinese. Japanese porn star Anri Suzuki will fuck you as a political apology. After learning about the 1937 Japanese invasion of China in her doctorate studies, she is offering reparations to any Chinese students studying in Japan. She told *The Sun,* "I want to cure the wounds of China with my body." That thundering sound you hear is Chinese men all over the world scrambling to apply to schools in Japan.—*Christine Colby*

TAKE TWO AND THANK US IN THE MORNING

We at *Penthouse* are proud of our work, and we naturally hope that you feel as good about consuming our adult entertainment as we do about producing it. But there are still people out there who would prefer you to believe that porn is a shameful, evil thing that turns men into woman-haters and rapists. To support their arguments, they turn to researchers in the social sciences, hoping to find evidence that porn is responsible for sexual aggression, rape, and negative attitudes toward women.

Too bad for them, as study after study is absolving pornography of any correlation to sex-related crime or negative sexual attitudes. In fact, researchers are finding that porn usage may often have unanticipated benefits.

A 2009 study by Dr. Milton Diamond of the University of Hawaii, published in the *International Journal of Law and Psychiatry,* concluded that societies in which porn is more readily available have steady or decreasing rates of sex-related crime. And here's one blockbuster statistic to support the position that porn doesn't create sex criminals: According to Northwestern University law professor Anthony D'Amato, during the past 25 years, while porn has practically become part of mainstream culture, the incidence of rape has declined by 85 percent.

Studies like the one conducted by Brigham Young University researchers, entitled "Generation XXX," show that young people of both sexes have more relaxed views on the subject than previous generations. Younger people find porn consumption less unusual or objectionable, they're more willing to discuss their own use, and they feel much less stigma attached to the subject.

In another survey, "Self-Perceived Effects of Pornographic Consumption," conducted in Denmark by psychologists Neil Malamuth and Gert Martin Hald and reported in *Psychology Today,* respondents stated that watching hard-core porn made them feel better about sex, their own sex lives, the opposite sex, their own self-image, and life in general. And, interestingly enough, researchers determined that the more porn the respondents watched, the better they felt about all these things.

Sadly, our favorite pro-porn study has turned out to be a hoax, despite being widely reported. What was touted as a study done by a Dr. Karen Weatherby for *The New England Journal of Medicine* may have actually been spawned by the brain trust at a sensational tabloid. We're trying to decide if we care. As passed around the internet, the hoax claimed "Dr. Weatherby" and three other researchers found that staring at women's breasts is not just a normal and enjoyable pastime, but is practically indispensable for men's health. A proper regimen of breast-gazing reduced blood pressure, slowed resting pulse rates, and improved circulation—the same kind of benefits you might expect to gain from a good cardio workout. So next time you're reluctant to go jogging in the rain, just put on some porn and pay special attention to the hypnotic swaying of the breasts: You could be doing wonders for your personal health and making the world a better, safer place for all of us, right? We don't care if there was no such study, or that there is no "Dr. Karen Weatherby"—we want to believe.—*Coral Vincent*

PHOTOGRAPH BY LOUIE PSIHOYOS/SCIENCE FACTION/CORBIS

NO ONE SAW A THING

Red flags were everywhere. But when you're a parent, you don't want to see them.

By Jeffrey K. Wallace

There's always one kid in the neighborhood everybody loves to torment; in Windsor Heights it was me. My short list of therapy-inducing childhood memories includes being stuffed into a sleeping bag and tied to a tree branch, being locked in a garage and pelted with bottle rockets, and being excluded from everything potentially fun, competitive, or criminal. I would laugh about it later, of course, when I managed to reach adulthood.

But now I have a son of my own. His name is Aaron. The first blow hit him right in the freckles. I didn't give him a brother and he never had many enemies, or friends, so it was his first fist to the face—and it landed right where his mother kisses him at bedtime. That first punch—like a first kiss, sort of, without the spit—is something a guy never forgets.

The second blow knocked him off the curb and into the street. His backpack, a 15-pound pile of hardcovers he carried but never read, slid down off his shoulders and pinned his wrists to his sides. One of the boys planted a Nike; Aaron skidded out onto the asphalt, his shirt collecting all the grit and gravel within a spit-wad's reach of our driveway, barely 30 feet from our front door.

No one saw a thing; I called around to ask.

In my mind's eye I can see Aaron smiling as he's falling, and he's wearing one of those silly little grins—he was always smiling at the wrong times. It never occurred to me to tell a nine-year-old not to grin if he was getting his tail kicked.

It was late afternoon when Katherine met me at the door with details and evidence in hand. Parenthood has a way of repeatedly pulling this kind of thing on you. Won't there ever come a day when I see it coming? Maybe a red flag in the yard, so I know to keep on driving?

I examined his pants with the dirty shoe prints and a street-scuffed shirt with a heel mark, while Aaron stood, shifting from foot to foot, chewing his T-shirt. A dark saliva stain the size of a softball fanned out from the hem.

"Show your father your face," Katherine said. "Show him your face, Aaron."

Aaron stood before me. I couldn't help but smile at first—until I saw the welt beneath his eye. "Oh, no," I said, lifting a finger to touch it. He wouldn't let me. "Was the kid who hit you wearing a ring?"

He popped the wet cotton from his lips. "Duh," he said.

I'd spent half my life dreaming about things that never happened. But this? I grabbed my boy and squeezed—his spindly body, smooth arms, elementary-school aroma—and just like that got caught up in something. No doubt there's a name for it somewhere in some parenting textbook I never read, a name that captures the notion that there's a reservoir filled with everything we've ever held back, and that it can rise up and splash without warning.

"Let go of me," he said.

I didn't want to. Cross-examination time. "Do you know these boys?"

"No."

"Are they from your school?"

He nodded.

"Did you run into them on the playground or bump them or say something or ... "

No, no, and no. He'd done *nothing*. I believed him. They'd followed him home from school and pounced.

"Man," I muttered, flashing back decades to the angry face of Danny Murphy, the kid who chased me around a parked car screaming that

he wanted to pound my face in. What had I done? Nothing! Not a *thing*!

"We're going to do something about this, Aaron. *I'm* going to do something," I told him. "What they did was *wrong*."

He looked at me and nodded.

"I'm going to stand up for you," I said.

Why didn't my old man ever say that to me?

Aaron provided a thin description of the perpetrators—shirt and hair colors, tennis shoes—and we set off on a bully hunt. It didn't take long to spot one, and when I pulled up to the curb, just a block from our house, the kid took off. I threw the car in park and opened my door. A man in a nearby driveway stood hosing his cement. I went to him and asked if he knew where that boy lived.

He squirted a shot of water into his next-door neighbors' yard. "Right there," he said. "Joshua."

I asked for the family's name. He didn't seem embarrassed about not remembering it: "We don't get along that well."

When I got back in the car I had more than a fleeting notion to tell Aaron I'd taken care of everything. Part of me wanted to lie and wish it all away, to tell him I'd just talked to one of the boys' dads and that everything was taken care of. I yanked the keys from the ignition. "I know where one of them lives," I sighed. "Come on."

Joshua's mother was preparing for a party. Her living room was decked out with balloons and candles, and a table next to the baby grand piano was covered with silver-wrapped boxes.

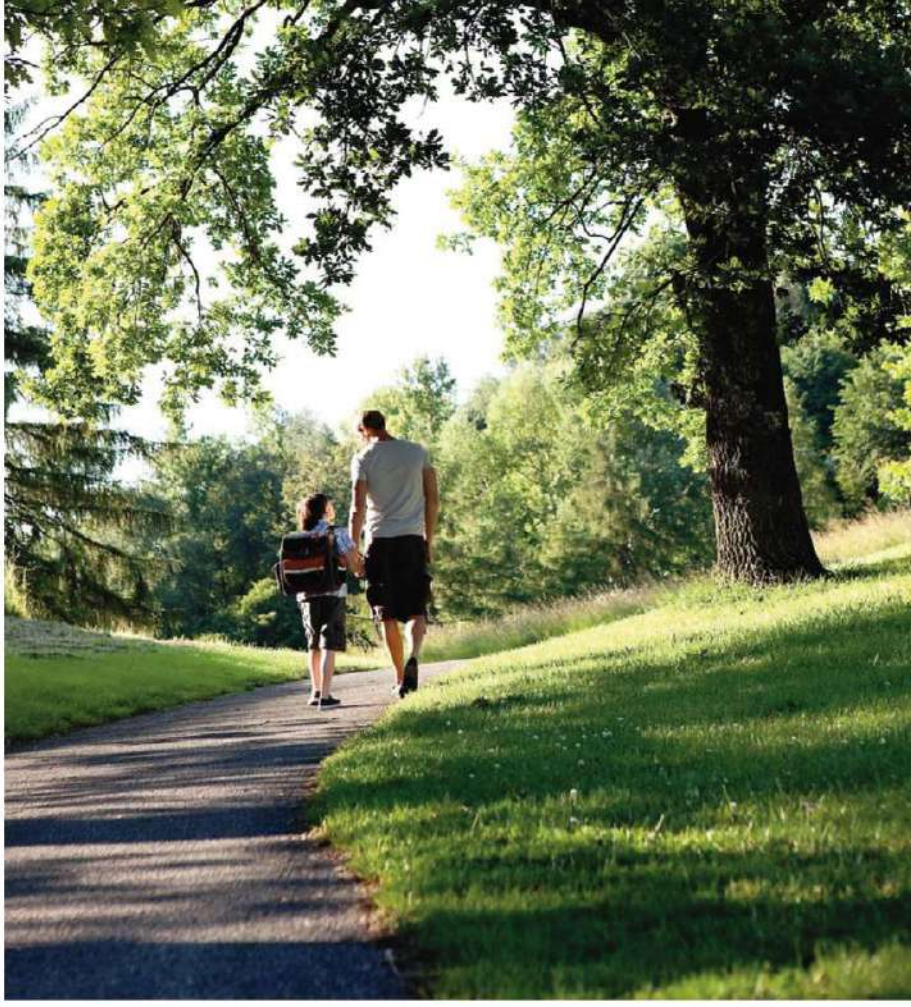
I introduced myself with a handshake—who knew pressing the flesh was involved in getting to the bottom of such things?—and told her where I lived. Then I introduced Aaron and told her my son had been "roughed up" on his way home from school. She gasped, naturally; one of those "in this neighborhood?" reactions. Aaron stood silently at my side, chewing the bottom hem of his shirt.

It wasn't until I described the perpetrator's hair and shirt color that the woman's hand snapped up to her mouth. *"Joshua?"* she asked.

"I don't know. But the one who punched his face wears a ring. You can still see the imprint on his cheek." I pointed at my boy.

She leaned in for a look, and her lips moved. Her eyes welled.

I looked at Aaron, Aaron looked at me, and we both looked away and out toward the man still hosing his driveway. He gave us a thumbs-up.



As Joshua's mother apologized, Aaron grew fidgety. He just wanted to see someone get whacked, or so I figured. Or maybe it was me.

Joshua, meanwhile, was nowhere to be found. I gave his mother my phone number, and we left with her promise that she'd call us when she got her hands on her son.

Forty minutes later we were back on her doorstep, but this time I was nervous. I'd had time to fantasize about outcomes. Was Joshua's father going to be there, too? Aaron was especially twitchy.

"We have to do this," I told him. "We *have* to. I know it's hard, but ... " I have six thousand clichés and speeches awaiting delivery, yet not one of them focuses on what to say or do when your kid gets beaten up without provocation.

The boy described as "white hair, red shirt" came out of his house with his head down. His mother pointed to a step; he sat. She made it clear to us that Joshua was in trouble of "the most serious kind, I can assure you." He had admitted that he and a friend had lashed out at Aaron after school.

"Why?" I asked. "Why did you hit him?"

Joshua shrugged.

"Did Aaron say something he shouldn't have?"

He shrugged some more.

"Is he in your class at school?" his mother asked. I already knew the answer to that one: Joshua was a year older. So was the other kid. Still, Joshua said nothing, no matter what was asked or who asked it. For a kid with such a loose temper, he sure had an economy with words.

"I'll tell you what, Joshua," I said, "I want you two to stay away from each other. At school, around here—anywhere. Understand? If you see each other, then ignore each other. Just keep away. Got it?" A little voice inside my head cheered *Go, Dad! You're the man!* I'd tracked down a bully. I'd faced a fear. I'd shown my son what it meant to identify a problem and take action to fix it. This was going to go down in family lore as one of my shining moments. I'd make sure of it. *Okay,* I thought, *so Aaron took a punch. Life's not fair, right?* Maybe now he'll be more wary, more streetwise. That would be good.

With a vision of my wife's proud face flashing through my mind, I bid good-bye and was one step toward the street when Joshua's head snapped up and he growled in a voice that would have sent me run-

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIGITTE SPORRER/CULTURA/CORBIS

ning if he'd had scissors.

"He *sniffed* me!" the boy shouted. "That's why I hit him!"

I turned around. "He what?"

"He was sniffing me! He was sniffing *all* of us, at recess. He wouldn't leave us alone!"

"He was *sniffing* you? What do you mean he was sniffing you?" his mother said, crossing her arms fast and tight.

Joshua snorted his wrist. "Like that!" he said. He snarled and thrust a ringed finger at Aaron. "I *told* him to stop and he *wouldn't*! It's embarrassing!"

We all turned to Aaron. He squeezed his eyes shut.

"That's still no reason to ... " I began.

"So we followed him. And when we came up to him, he put his arms out and said, 'Group hug!' "

Aaron's teeth clenched so tight his lips went white at the edges.

"He's *weird*!" Joshua screamed. " 'Group hug'? *That's* why I hit him! 'Cause he's so *weird*!"

Joshua buried his head in his knees and began to cry.

"Aaron!" I growled. "Did you ... Did ... ? *Aaron!*"

No matter what I said—and I'm not sure of everything I said or tried to say in those next few moments—my son would not speak. He'd jacked his shoulders up so high they had glued themselves to his earlobes. He would not even open his eyes, not when I put my hand on his shoulder—gently—not when I asked him to "Look at me," and not when I commanded him to "Say something!"

Everything suddenly looked different, my boy in particular. "You *sniffed* him?!"

Our secret was out. Aaron had been sniffing things around the house for a long, long time—sniffing our clothing, his toys, the doorknobs, the cat, the furniture—and chewing things, too, mainly his T-shirts. And towels. And the curtains. Pretty much any piece of cloth that hangs. These were problems we hadn't solved yet. That's how I looked at it. A handful of strange little habits. Things he'd grow out of. Private, harmless, around-the-house quirks.

There were now just three of us accessible for conversation; Aaron had shut down, and I knew him well enough to know that once he'd shut down there was no turning him on again. I offered a brief apology—it was my fault, I said, my fault, no explanation—and steered my son toward the car.

The child psychiatrist came highly recommended. She was a "prodigy" in the field—that's one of the things she mentioned in our first meeting. "I am the best," she said. "I will help you. I see children like Aaron every day."

We told her the "roughed up" story.

"If you had only brought him to see me a couple of years ago," she grinned, "I could have prevented this kind of thing."

Katherine hated her instantly. I, on the other hand, was curious. My curiosity lasted until our second meeting, when, after spending 40 minutes in private working with our son, she told us, "Why do you call this boy 'quirky'? He is not quirky. He is autistic."

I bowed my head and closed my eyes. Red flags everywhere. Why hadn't I seen them? Where had I been looking?

Flash forward. Several months have passed, and the neighborhood feels safe again. Things are looking up. Aaron no longer walks home from school, for one thing. We drive him—to and from a smaller school with teachers who understand how to work with a variety of social and processing styles. I no longer dismiss him as "quirky," either. Thanks to a team of agreeable physicians who see lots of boys like Aaron—we dumped the prodigy—I understand that the autism spectrum is a broad one, and Katherine and I have spent days and nights learning all we can about what it means to have a son at the "high-functioning" end of it. Best of all, Aaron is thriving in a school setting for the first time in his life, and he's no longer the only kid he knows who can't stand hot dogs or hamburgers or fish or beans or rice or anything green or crusty or not folded or cut into triangles. He's making friends. And having fun.

When his new school recently held a Friday-morning, doughnut-centered social activity for fathers and sons, we showed up early. Aaron grabbed a chocolate long john and planted himself on my lap. Small talk isn't our thing, so we just sat and enjoyed the scenery. Every so often I'd reach up and squeeze his shoulder or rub his back, or ask him how many doughnuts he'd eaten. Four.

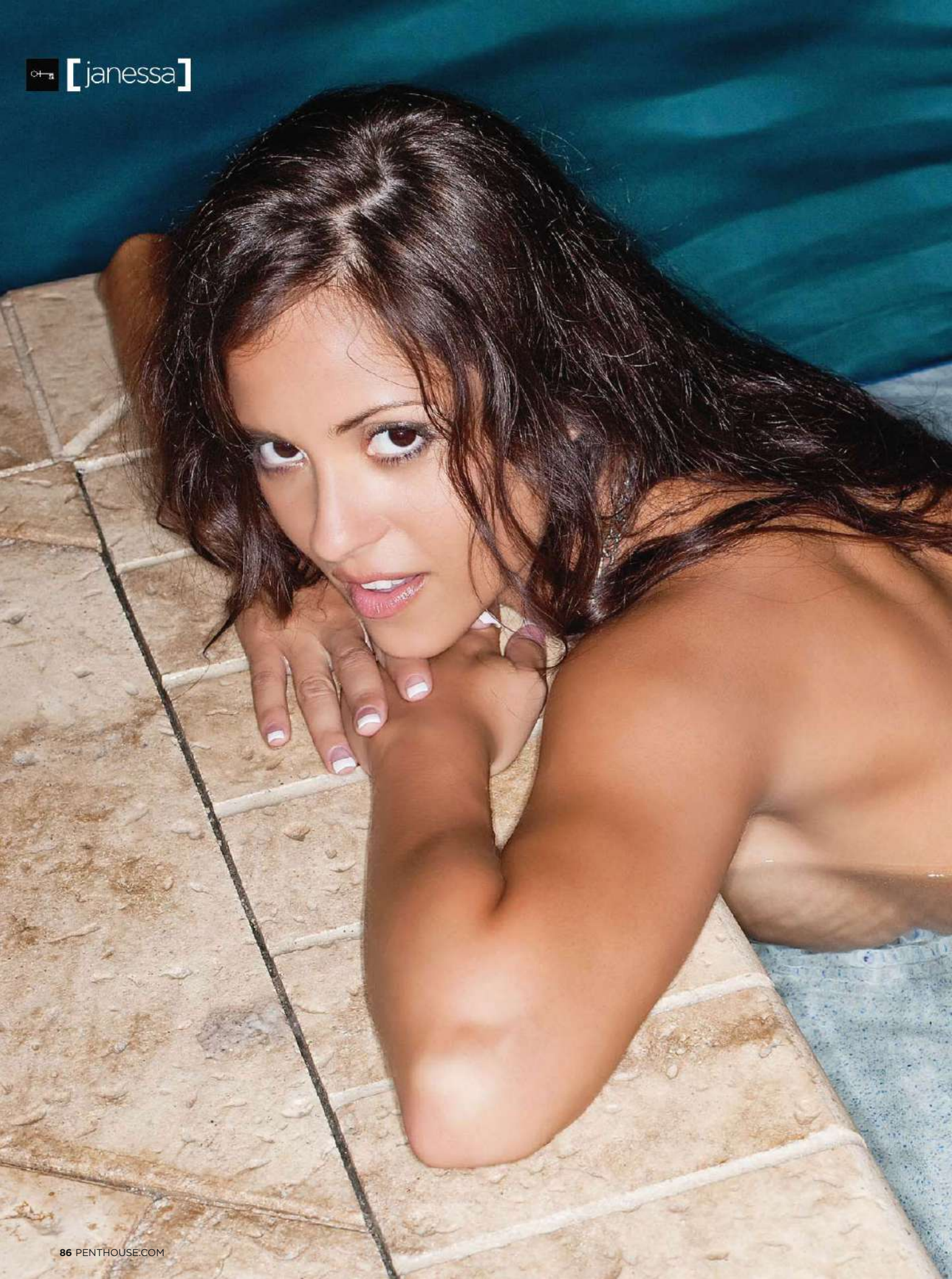
When it was time for me to go, I stood up once again. Aaron said, "Bye," and I brushed a bit of chocolate from his face, from a nice tender spot just below a field of freckles. The skin there is still soft and as smooth as frosting. A minute later he was off to class, and I stepped outside into the California winter sun.

Out of the blue, all of the changes that had altered our lives in the past couple of months—all the worrying and wondering and retooling of expectations, all the appointments and arguments, all the *everything*—came to a head. I was walking down the sidewalk when my eyes welled up and my chest heaved. I grabbed for a breath—it was that secret reservoir again, way closer to the surface than I imagined—and there were people heading my way. I made a point of looking up into the sun as I passed them. Looking into the sun brings tears sometimes. I did not really let go until I got into my car.

Aaron stood before me. I couldn't help but smile at first—until I saw the welt beneath his eye. "Oh, no," I said, lifting a finger to touch it. He wouldn't let me.

The author's essays have appeared in the *Los Angeles Times, Family Circle* magazine, and the anthology *I Wanna Be Sedated: 30 Writers on Parenting Teenagers.*

This essay is excerpted from the book *The Good Men Project: Real Stories From the Front Lines of Modern Manhood,* published by Greenleaf Book Group and available online at GoodMenProject.org.



blame it on rio

Twenty-five-year-old, 34D-24-35 Janessa Brazil is as steamy and spicy as the city in which she grew up. "I'm from Rio de Janeiro," she says, "and as much as I love living in Florida now, nothing compares to Rio. You can find the most beautiful women there." Given the following photos that serve as proof, we're certainly not going to doubt her claim.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker

"I have the ultimate job. I get paid to look pretty and masturbate! I love doing web shows because it's so arousing for me to know that people are watching."

"My favorite fantasy is about hot sex between a secretary and a boss. I dream of living out the kind of scenes Maggie Gyllenhaal had in *Secretary*."

"The most remarkable sexual experience I've ever had was the second time. Losing my virginity was exciting but a little scary, but the second time I was able to fully enjoy myself."

"I always tell my lover what I want straight out. I want to feel good, and I'm sure guys appreciate a little inside knowledge. Pleasing a woman isn't easy."

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HOW TO BEAT UP ANYONE

Instructional and Inspirational Karate

By the World Champion, Judah Friedlander

EVERYTHING HERE IS REAL. THERE ARE NO STAGED PHOTOS.

I am Judah Friedlander, the World Champion.

I am also the greatest athlete in the world, have sex with lots of women, and I'm a role model to children.

Before the making of my new book, photographing me doing karate was impossible.

No one was ever able to photograph the World Champion because I physically move faster than a camera can snap a photograph. But I have a spaceship that's also a time machine, and I went into the future and got a camera that shoots photos at a shutter speed that can capture an image at a millionth of a second. This state-of-the-art camera from the future can also time travel by itself. It went back in time and took all of the photos here. So now, for the first time ever, you can see my karate moves and learn from the best. In some of the photos, I still come out blurry. That's because sometimes I move faster than the camera from the future's speed of a millionth of a second. Which means I'm faster than the future. So if you see a blurry photograph of me, it's not bad photography, just great karate.

I'm too fast for the camera from the future. I move much faster than a millionth of a second.

Sometimes, even when I'm standing still, I move so fast, I appear blurry.

A lot of professional fighters and martial-arts instructors talk about how they got started in karate. As a kid, they were fat or skinny or small, and they got beat up a lot. Then one day they started lifting weights, learned karate, and then were finally able to get a girlfriend. This is not my story. I've been kicking ass since before day one.

I was the fastest sperm that entered my mom's body. The other sperms weren't even close. I had superior speed and vision. I knew my target and I had perfect aim. These qualities make a karate champion.

I got kicked out of kindergarten for refusing to take a nap at nap time. I told them, "I don't take naps. I prefer to stay awake. In case shit goes down."

At age nine, I got kicked out of the Marines for being too hard-core. I was tired of fighting alongside teammates and with weapons. I knew I could do more damage on my own.

By the time I was 14 and a half, I had already beaten up every martial-arts and action-movie star. But no one witnessed my destruction because I moved too fast for the movie cameras to capture it. Martial-arts movie stars wouldn't last five minutes on the street. In a real fight, there are no camera tricks or second takes.

By 17, I was banned from practicing karate outdoors because of the definite possibility I'd start an earthquake.

At some point, I became the World Champion. I don't remember exactly when.

WORLD
CHAMPION

It's been years, and I'm not good at math.

If you haven't heard of me, it's because the media is scared of me, so I don't get much publicity. Other athletes never mention me, because they know I'm better than them. And no company will sponsor me because I don't do endorsements. I'm for the people, not the product.

Let's stop messing around and get to the action.

I begin by showing you how to beat up four people at once. If you can learn to beat up four people simultaneously, beating up one person will be easy.

When you're fighting on a rooftop, you want to put on a good show. Look at all those buildings. There're some hot horny chicks in them watching from their apartment windows, and they're looking for a real man. Some girls get turned off when witnessing a violent fight. But when that fight takes place on a rooftop, 100 percent of them get turned on.

The strategy in a one vs. four fight is: Step on the head of the biggest guy first. Then use your new height advantage to take out the rest of the pussies.

When I first saw these rooftop punks, it was one guy's fat head that I noticed first ... and that my foot would fit perfectly on it. That's how I look at the world: *Whose head would be the most effective to stand on, work as a balancing base, and give me the height advantage?* If you want to be a great fighter you must be able to think differently from the normal person. Without this guy's big head, this fight would've been a little tougher. Sometimes fighting four is easier than three.

I step on his neck to take away his offensive abilities. It clips the nerves to his arms and hands, making them spasm and contort. With one move, I've eliminated the two main attacking parts of his body.

To get good at this, practice standing on someone's head for one hour straight, three times a week. It's great training for you, but dangerous for your friend if he has a normal-size head. So find a friend with a huge head.

I beat up the other three punks from right to left. I break the rib cage of the guy on the far right with one kick to his chest.

The guy in the middle was the easiest to beat up. He is the only one wearing a winter hat. Which means he has no tolerance for pain. If his head can't take the cold air, there's no way it can take the heat of my punch. And he's standing up too straight. Good pedestrian posture is not the same thing as good fight posture.

The guy on the left is almost as lame as the leather-jacket loser. He's wearing a T-shirt over a long-sleeve shirt. If he didn't know what weather temperature to prepare for, how's he going to know what kind of a fight to prepare for?

A fighter like this has no vision. If you don't have good vision, you can't visualize an incoming punch or kick ahead of time, and be ready to defend against it.

Before you get into any fight, you should instantly think of at least 14 moves you can hurt your opponent with, all of your opponent's corresponding reactions, as well as ten offensive moves your opponent might use. In this particular fight, you have to multiply all of that by four.

From looking at the photo and reading my analysis, you now know how to beat up four people on a rooftop. And you know how to beat up four people on the ground, too, because a rooftop fight is more difficult than a fight at sea level. You now also possess the knowledge of how to beat up one, two, and three persons at once.

HOW TO BEAT UP 4 PEOPLE AT ONCE ON A ROOFTOP
I SLEPT WITH EVERY CHICK IN THIS BUILDING.
KEEP YOUR HEAD VERTICAL.
THIS GUY'S BAD TECHNIQUE SUCKS.
I USED TO LIVE ON THE TOP 20 FLOORS OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. BUT I MOVED TO A BIGGER PLACE IN A BETTER LOCATION.
HE HAS NEVER FELT THIS TYPE OF PAIN BEFORE.
KICK THIS SPOT. AND HE WON'T RECOVER
FART HARD. AND THE WIND WILL CARRY IT TO HIS FACE. BY STEPPING ON HIS CRANIUM, I'VE OPENED UP HIS SINUS CAVITY. NOW THE FART CAN FREELY TRAVEL THROUGH IT AND ROT HIS BRAIN.
STANDING ON THE CRANIUM WILL DEMORALIZE EVEN THE BIGGEST OPPONENT.

THIS IS PROPER FIGHTING POSTURE. Chest sunken in, so you can't get hit. Stomach out, to block other punches. Feet flat on the ground, so you can't get knocked down.

HOW TO BEAT UP SOMEONE WITH ONE ARM

This is how to beat up someone with one arm. Not how to beat up someone by using only one of your arms, but how to beat up someone who has only one arm.

Self-offense is one of the most simple, effective, and practical forms of martial arts, designed to be used for common, everyday situations just like this. It's been said many times that "the best offense is a good defense." I say that in certain fight situations, the opposite is true. The best defense is a great offense. Why wait for your opponent to attack you? Attack first. "Initiate before getting initiated." That's one of the founding principles of self-offense.

The photos in this section were taken five years ago. My clothes are different because I was working undercover to fight crime in the suburbs. To make myself completely unrecognizable, I put away my World Champion clothes, and I wore a white hat, a tight shirt, and really tight, dark jeans instead. Really tight jeans make it easier to carry and conceal weapons, because people never suspect that you could hide a weapon in skintight clothes. But with proper technique, it's possible.

When I see a one-armed man walking down the street, right away I know there's a 100 percent chance he's looking for trouble. I know he's a warrior who's been in a fight before. He's already lost one arm. I have nothing against a person with one arm. I treat everyone equally.

His one arm is very dangerous. It's as powerful as two arms and twice as angry.

His partial arm is also a threat because it can do unusual harm with its unusual shape.

For your best learning experience, when you look at these photos, pretend you are me, and pretend the one-armed assailant is a one-armed assailant.

The hedge clipper is a cheaper and better weapon than the sword. I never buy swords. If I wanted a sword, I'd travel back in time, kill a gladiator, and take one from him.

The one-armed man did not expect to be attacked by gardening equipment. And that's why he didn't know how to defend against it.

THE HEDGE CLIPPER IS CHEAPER AND BETTER THAN A SWORD.

FOR WOMEN ONLY: TAKE BACK THE STREETS FROM MALE SCUM!

I went undercover as a woman in the scariest parts of New York City so that I could show you how to best protect yourself from male criminals and rapists. I sized myself down to five feet three inches and powered myself down to the athletic abilities of a normal adult female. I went back in time to 1975, got a sex change, and lived as a woman for two years in Istanbul, where I was raped in and out of prison 50 times a day. That was way before I became the World Champion.

If you've taken a women's self-defense course or seminar before, forget everything you learned. What they teach is completely ineffective.

It's a beautiful fall day in the big city. You just got off work. And you're feeling sexy.

But the city has street scum lurking behind every corner and crevice.

Do not blindly walk down the street.

Use your peripheral vision to spot potential attackers.

Never carry your purse around your neck. It can easily be used to choke you.

Keep it over one shoulder instead.

Hit him in the face with your purse.

Your accessories can be sexy, but they can be weapons, too.

Start your swing after he jumps. He won't be able to change direction in midair. Because your purse was over your shoulder, you were able to quickly use it as ammunition.

Hit the attacker with your purse, which you have preloaded with bricks.

Then he will leave you alone forever.

Your adrenaline will give you the strength to lift him with one hand.

While he's groggy, empty the bricks out of your bag.

Don't be afraid to look sexy and fight ferociously at the same time.

Stick your right hand out straight for balance.

With the purse covering his head, he won't be able to determine your location, even if you're wearing strong perfume.

In general, many men hate carrying a women's purse, but wearing it over their heads is even more de-masculating.

Do a classic karate-chop combination to the balls. One hand for each nut.

This will deplete his testosterone levels.

Pretend you're kicking through five pairs of nutsacks, stacked one behind the other.

This will ensure that your kick goes as deep as possible.

Put your left hand on the ground and your right hand on the ledge for superior balance and power.

Leave your purse on his head. It will send a message to all the other street punks out there not to mess with women who dress like sluts.

Many women's self-defense courses will tell you to dress down. They're wrong.

It's your life, so dress as slutty as you want. When you look sexy as you're beating up a man, he will get so confused he won't know what to do. Sexiness can be an attraction and distraction at the same time. Sure, dressing sexy might lure more criminals to attack you, but if you know how to defeat them, you'll make the streets safer for other women.

WITH THE PURSE COVERING HIS HEAD, HE WON'T BE ABLE TO DETERMINE YOUR LOCATION.

CORRECT COOLDOWN TECHNIQUE

There's no better way to cool down than with hot chicks.

This is not a hot tub. It's just a regular pool in my spaceship. If you don't have a spaceship, then use a pool in another location.

I set the water temperature to freezing. This is the cooldown phase, which means the water should be cool, not warm. The ladies and I heat up the pool with our sexual energy. When the water starts to boil, that's when I know the cooldown phase is over. I don't expect you to be able to do all this, but try to start with the water cool and heat it up with a love partner.

The two chicks near my left shoulder will have their sexual fantasies fulfilled by me very soon. Then I'll put their bikinis back on and lay them poolside so they don't drown from too much sexual excitement.

It's normal for girls to pass out after they have sex with me. They usually go into an immediate, intense state of extreme ecstasy and deep depression because they know they'll never again meet a man as sexually satisfying as me.

Women worship my world-champion body.

And crave my karate foot.

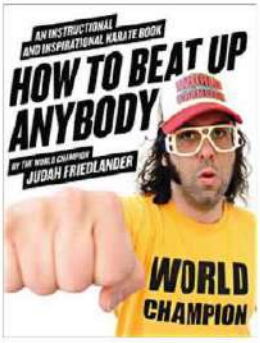
When you have a body as sexually desirable as I do, and a foot that's killed a low estimate of 30,000 people, women sometimes don't know which to go for first. Only Nicole, my head foot guard, attends my foot, while Nikki gets a little closer to me for some face time.

Pay close attention to how relaxed my face is. It's important to cool down your face muscles as well as the other muscles in your body.

I've taught you a lot about how to cool down properly. When the cooldown phase is over, I will hook up with more chicks so that I can warm up for bedtime, where there'll be even more chicks. You should try to do the same thing.

A proper cooldown rejuvenates your body and gets you to a peaceful state of mind so that you're ready to beat the shit out of more people.

WE HEAT UP THE POOL WITH OUR SEXUAL ENERGY.



From *How to Beat Up Anybody: An Instructional and Inspirational Karate Book by the World Champion,* by Judah Friedlander. Photos courtesy of the author. Copyright © 2010 by Judah Friedlander. Reprinted by permission of It Books, an Imprint of HarperCollins Publishers.

[jayden&angel]

flower girls

As soon as Jayden and Angel arrive at the resort, the tropical paradise warms their skin, teases their senses, and triggers their lust. They head to the pool, not in the least concerned about who might be able to watch them satisfy each other's sensual desires. Later, if they meet their neighbors, they'll see how new partners factor into the equation of this steamy sexcursion.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens

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DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Relationships may be more complicated than ever, but the eternal truth is, sex is—and should be—good. In order to help you get the most out of your sex life, you need advice from experts on both sides of the bed.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H., and Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

VIBE ENVY

My girlfriend and I don't live near each other, so we use lots of cell minutes having mutual masturbation sessions. And when we do get together, we take turns watching each other get off. The thing is, I know she uses a vibrator; I can hear it over the phone. But when she masturbates in front of me, her little helper is nowhere to be found. I've asked her to let me see it, see her use it, or use it on her, but she's reluctant. Should I be jealous of this battery-operated third wheel I've never met?

The Pet doctor: It's amazing how many men are jealous of inanimate objects—as if a vibrator can replace a flesh-and-blood penis attached to the man she loves! Should she be jealous of the hand you use to get yourself off when she's not around?

There are a few reasons she doesn't show you her buzzing buddy—she may be embarrassed, or she may find it superfluous when you're present, or she may be afraid you'll want to use the toy as a shortcut instead of satisfying her with your mouth, hands, or penis. I once had an experience like that with a boyfriend who was a great lover until he discovered that I used a Hitachi Magic Wand in his absence. From then on, all he wanted to do was use that on my clit instead of working his magic with his tongue.

Unfortunately, toys often turn men into lazy lovers, which is one of the reasons why we women like to keep them only for autoerotic sessions. Stop bugging her about her toy and keep on delivering great man-made orgasms, and she will never need a buzzer when you're around. And if you can't get the idea of her getting off on toys out of your mind, then buy her one.

The Downs side: Whether you realize it or not, you're trying to take control of her vibrator because it threatens you. Many guys get anxious about vibrators, the way autoworkers in the 1970s worried about being replaced by robots, and railroad steel drivers in the 1870s worried about being replaced by the steam hammer.

True, millions of jobs have been lost to automation. And it's also true that a vibrator can do things no man can. But vibrators haven't yet made men obsolete, nor will they. A woman with a vibrator may not *need* a man to get off, but she still *wants* one. If the mainstreaming of sex toys has changed anything, it's given more women higher expectations of their lovers. If your only sexual asset is a hard dick, then you're the equivalent of an unskilled laborer—inefficient and basically expendable. But if you're fun in bed *and* you're lovable, then you have nothing to fear.

As for why she's reluctant to introduce you to her battery-operated boyfriend, it may be that you're acting weird about it—a little too interested, a little too keen to get your hands on it.

What's more, there is still some shame attached to vibrators. Electric vibrators date back to the Victorian era, when they were used by medical doctors to "treat" women diagnosed as "frigid" or "hysterical." Even today, some people believe that if a woman needs a vibrator to come, there's something physically wrong with her, and some still see vibrators as a recourse for the lonely and desperate. That's all baloney, of course.

We sexperts generally encourage couples to use toys together. Vibrating gadgets for her, and for you, too, can add new dimensions to your lovemaking. Once you've sorted out your feelings about this, you could demonstrate a healthy interest in her pleasure by buying her a top-shelf vibrator.

Gone are the days when a vibrator was either a cheap plastic "adult novelty" or a clunky "personal massager." You can now shop any number of online retailers, and some brick-and-mortar sex shops, for the new breed of luxe vibrators, which are as chicly designed as the iPhone and specially engineered for orgasms.

While you're at it, treat yourself to the latest male masturbation technology from Japan—the Tenga Flip Hole. Male masturbation devices have never been more than curiosities. But mark my words, if Tenga catches on, it's going to be women's turn to worry.

A PILL FOR "PE"

I just read about a new pill called Priligy. It's supposed to be the first oral medication to treat premature ejaculation. I don't think it's FDA approved yet, but I'd love to get my hands on some or something comparable. Have you heard anything about it?

The Downs side: Priligy is the brand name of dapoxetine, a short-acting antidepressant used to treat premature ejaculation. It has been approved in several European countries. The drug is currently in the final phase of clinical trials required for FDA approval, but it's not yet available in the United States.

Delayed orgasm is a well-known side effect of antidepressants called selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors (SSRIs), such as Prozac, Paxil, and Zoloft. Although these SSRIs aren't approved for treating premature ejaculation, doctors sometimes prescribe them "off label" for that purpose.

The problem is that most SSRIs are meant to be taken every day, and they don't start working immediately after the first dose. It can be days or weeks before the effects start to kick in. Once someone has been on the drug for a while, they're cautioned against stopping it abruptly, as that can cause withdrawal symptoms.

For guys who don't expect to get laid every day, taking an SSRI solely for delaying orgasm means they're medicated needlessly most of the time. What's more, these drugs can have other sexual side effects, namely reduced libido and difficulty getting an erection.

Priligy, however, is a pill meant to be popped only when needed, one to three hours before doing the deed. Next time you visit Austria, Finland, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Spain, or Sweden, you could try to see a doctor and get a legitimate Priligy prescription.

Now, I know what you're thinking: Couldn't I just order it from an internet pharmacy, without a prescription? Sure. You could pay about $40 per pill, and possibly get the real thing. You could also get a fake drug, have your credit-card number stolen, or both. Be especially wary of any site selling "generic" Priligy at deeply discounted prices. The drug hasn't been on the market long enough to have a legitimate generic equivalent.

And remember that all medicines have risks, and there are good reasons why some drugs require a prescription. A lot of people get themselves into trouble when they think they're clever enough to be their own doctor.

The Pet doctor: This "new" drug has been recently released in the U.K. and New Zealand for treatment of premature ejaculation. It has been shown that one tablet can make a guy last up to three times longer during intercourse. The reason for my quotation marks on "new" is that the chemistry of Priligy is hardly new. It contains the active ingredient dapoxetine, which regulates serotonin levels in the brain, akin to citalopram (Celexa), a popular SSRI used for treatment of depression and anxiety.

Delayed ejaculation has been a long-known side effect of SSRIs, and like Martin says, many a doctor has prescribed them "off label" for treatment of PE. Guess why? When you guys become less nervous and more relaxed and content, you last longer. But calling it a "new" pill allows big drug companies to charge you big bucks.

You can avoid getting screwed financially by finding nonmedicinal ways to reduce your anxiety and to relax during intercourse, or, if you must, by talking to your doctor and getting a prescription for a generic version of Citalopram—which generally costs a few bucks for a few dozen pills—thereby keeping both your wallet and your willy happy.

HERE, THERE, OR ANYWHERE

After ten great years of marriage, and great monogamous sex with my beautiful wife, I have nothing to complain about, except that I feel the sex could use a little change. I'm not talking about anything unusual—I'd just like to have sex someplace other than the bedroom, like the kitchen (we've got a really sturdy table), or the sofa (we have no kids, so no worries about anyone walking in on us), or maybe up against the shower wall (plenty of room). How can I get her out of the bedroom?

The Pet doctor: Very simply, by following a familiar slogan: "Just do it." I'd bet she is thinking the same thing you are—that she would *love* some change—so just throw your arms around her in your kitchen, start kissing her neck and ears, and go for the feast on your table. There is no reason you can't initiate sexual foreplay in any room of your house, any time, in any possible position. No man should ever think that sex can only be performed in the bedroom—I know of few women with this hang-up—and the more you give her the hugs and kisses she loves outside the bedroom and at times other than bedtime, the more likely she will be to go all the way on your living room floor or any-

where else your heart desires. Women never complain about men who take charge—indeed, we most often dream of the sensitive but caring brute who will screw us against the wall.

The Downs side: First, get it on before bedtime. For many longtime couples, sex tends to come after work, dinner, household chores, and prime-time TV. I suspect that's a large part of why you've been confined to the bedroom.

If you want to roger her on the kitchen table, try making your move while the casserole is still in the oven. On the sofa, take your eyes off the TV long enough to start necking with her, and see where that goes. While she's taking a shower, step in and join her, preferably sporting an erection; she'll get the hint.

There's no reason why you should only have sex in bed, but there are good reasons why bed is the default place for it. Bed is comfy, it's easy to get into a position that works, and you can change the sheets afterward.

On the other hand, a kitchen table is hard, guests in your home won't appreciate sitting on sofa cushions crusted with your jizz, and standing sex is sometimes awkward if one partner is considerably shorter or rounder than the other.

These difficulties can be overcome, however. For instance, sex on the table would be more comfortable if she were to lie on her back and you were to penetrate her from a standing position. (This also gives you an incomparable view.)

The crusty-cushion dilemma can be solved by using a condom or putting down a towel or throw blanket. If you end up doing it on the sofa a lot, you might consider getting one upholstered in leather, which cleans up more easily.

If your bodies don't fit well together standing up, you can try picking her up, so that you're cradling her butt and her legs and arms are wrapped around you. If that won't work, you could always buy a shower seat—available at any home-improvement store—or just sit on the floor.

Also consider that the shower presents lots of steamy possibilities beyond intercourse. You could wash each other's bodies sensually, then take turns going down on each other. A hand-held shower sprayer also has many erotic uses. Think about it.

JOE'S SO-CALLED ADDICTION

There's been a great deal of publicity regarding sex addiction. David Duchovny, Tiger Woods, and Jesse James have all been in rehab for it. Is this a real ailment, and how does it differ from someone who just naturally has a high sex drive?

The Pet doctor: "Sexual addiction" has become a euphemism for the decadent debauchery of the rich, famous, and chronically unfaithful. After all, there's no better way to justify opportunistic lapses in sexual-impulse control by these spoiled celebs than by turning it into an illness. Not that sexual addiction doesn't exist in some rare cases.

The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders describes sex addiction, under the category "Sexual Disorders Not Otherwise Specified," as "distress about a pattern of repeated sexual relationships involving a succession of lovers who are experienced by the individual only as things to be used." According to the *DSM,* sex addiction also involves "compulsive searching for multiple partners, compulsive fixation on an unattainable partner, compulsive masturbation, compulsive love relationships, and compulsive sexuality in a relationship."

In my view, the real illness is a variety of obsessive-compulsive syndrome, where one's mind is fixated on some object or action to the point where it interferes with normal living. When did Duchovny, Woods, or James exhibit any fixation that detracted from their normal living and working, or even "distress" about their sexual liaisons? Not until they got caught, if at all. Most likely, what they had was a narcissistic rage over being caught, rather than a true distress over their behavior.

And since when did celebrities ever have to engage in "compulsive searching" for multiple or willing partners? Most of the time, they have to beat them off with a stick. It is a fact of life that celebrities have many, many opportunities for extramarital sex. Some just don't have the strength of character to say no.

The Downs side: No, it is not a real ailment. The idea of "sex addiction" is an attempt to explain problematic sexual behavior by likening it to drug and alcohol addiction. It's also a label slapped on anyone who indulges in lascivious behavior that someone else doesn't approve of.

Sexual addiction is not a diagnosis officially recognized by the mental-health profession. Some shrinks believe it should be. Others think that the kind of sexual behavior some might call sex addiction is related to various personality disorders and mental illnesses.

The really smart shrinks, however, dismiss the whole argument as a lot of rubbish. That's because you can't define what's "diseased" without first defining what's "normal." There is no universally accepted view of "normal" sexuality. Sexual interests and drives vary greatly from person to person, and cultural norms about sex not only differ around the world, but also change over time.

How many sexual partners should you have—in a lifetime, per week, at once? How often is it okay to masturbate? How much should you like porn? How should the pursuit of sexual pleasure fit into your life?

If you accept the idea of sex addiction, then you have to believe that you can answer those questions and accordingly set standards for others. I think you should be able to do that for yourself, as it's good to know and respect your personal limits. But can you really argue that it's okay to impose your limits on others?

The problem with the label "sex addiction" is that it's forced on certain people by others who have some moral objection to their behavior. Antisex crusaders have picked up sex addiction as a bludgeon with which to attack nonmonogamy, pornography, and alternative sexual lifestyles. If they can't shame you, they'll diagnose you instead.

We know of a few celebs who have been convinced they're sex addicts, but we don't know how many regular Joes and Janes have been cajoled into treatment programs for messing around, going to strip clubs, or looking at porn. Imagine someone telling you, "Of course you don't think you're a sex addict, Mr. *Penthouse* Reader. You say there's nothing wrong with liking sex. Well, maybe you're just in denial." How scary is that?

Submit your questions about sex, relationships, and women to Martin and/or Victoria at sexed@ffn.com.

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☑ **Works in 45 minutes or less** ☑ **Lasts up to 24 hours** ☑ **And it's FREE!**

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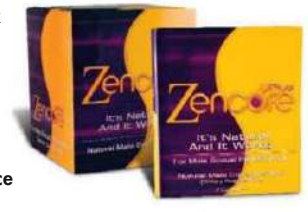

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GOLD RUSH

Every year, a dozen or so of the nation's top exotic dancers descend on the New Orleans Penthouse Club for a stripper showdown. This February's tenth-anniversary event was the most impressive yet.

By Keith Michael

Photographs by Richard Anderson

Christina Aguchi

Shay Lynn

Aspen Reign

Christina Aguchi's costumes and props for the 2009 Penthouse Gold G-String Awards—the exotic dancer's first competition—fit in her purse. By contrast, Rachelle Laree, the eventual winner that year, mounted an extravagant Indiana Jones–inspired set with a rope swing, tiki torches, and a seven-foot boulder. "Rachelle came in with all this fire, and I'm like, 'Oh, my God, what am I competing against?' " Aguchi recalled. "I realized I had to step it up."

When Aguchi returned to the New Orleans Penthouse Club in February for the 2010 competition, she deployed an ornate, handmade mask from Italy and a stripper-size jack-in-the-box. She moonwalked, doused herself under strobe lights, and tossed footballs. Her athletic, high-level pole work would have impressed an Olympic gymnast. "At the end of the day, it's still a stripper show," the Baton Rouge, Louisiana, native reasoned. "But that extra effort makes all the difference." Indeed it did. The lovely, lithe Aguchi took home the overall gold.

Pason

New Orleans Penthouse Club operating partner Mark Allen founded the Gold G-String Awards ten years ago to boost business during the week after Mardi Gras. The best entertainers on the national circuit are invited to participate in four nights of rigorously judged competition; winners earn bragging rights, a résumé boost, and a coveted jeweled G-string.

By the time the 15 dancers at this year's tenth-anniversary event performed in the five-hour finale, the club was standing-room-only. "The New Orleans Saints had the MVP of the NFL," Allen said. "We have the MVP of T&A."

During the three previous nights of competition, the dancers had knocked themselves out to put on the most amazing show a strip-club audience had ever seen. Still, nothing prepared the crowd for the closing-night performances, which included, in addition to Aguchi's aforementioned routine, this exotic and erotic ecdysiastic entertainment:

Charisma Capelli shedding a black hood and cape before dripping candle wax down her chest.
Gia Nova's naughty *Alice in Wonderland* tribute.
Nadia Nitro dazzling the audience as a fire-wielding belly dancer.
Aspen Reign, the overall winner in 2008, surrounded by green lasers, coming onstage looking like a pirate any sane man would want to board.
Robyn Foxx's Spanish dancer splashing into a huge champagne glass.
Eva Lauren breaking free of her Transformers costume to blow fireballs worthy of Gene Simmons.
Kimberly Johnson igniting a swing-dance zoot-suit riot that culminated in hot wax and bubbles.
Hailey Heart confessed to preshow jitters before strutting confidently in an elaborate Las Vegas showgirl ensemble with pink plumes and elbow-length gloves. Heart considers herself too short to be an actual Vegas showgirl, "but I can always pretend here."
Shay Lynn slithering out of a coffin as the Queen of the Damned and chomping a female accomplice's neck. "I feel that I've been a vampire in a past life," she said later. "I *love* to bite and suck. I'm a dark, gothic kind of girl."
Jaded Dawn shadow-dancing in a teepee as two live pythons clung to her bare torso. "They love their mama," she told us. "I like to give burlesque-style shows a new vibe. I'm very much about the show—and the nakedness."
Tawnie Monroe skipping to the

Happy Days theme song in 1950s-style cat's-eye glasses, a poodle skirt, and a vinyl jacket ... then covering her tits with whipped cream and chocolate syrup and deep-throating a banana—her variation on a traditional soda-shop sundae. Somewhere, Richie Cunningham was blushing. **Krystal Cummings,** a newcomer to the competition, told us that the spectacle truly impressed her: "I feel like I brought a peashooter to a gunfight." In her marines-style dress uniform, blonde hair tucked under a hat, Cummings has been mistaken for a military *man*. "I've had people come up and say, 'We appreciate what you do.' They think I'm a guy." When Cummings stripped off her uniform, she clarified the gender issue, and—ever the patriot—painted an American flag on her chest and imprinted herself on a souvenir T-shirt. Then, armed with a Super Soaker, she hosed down the crowd, and vice versa. "If I don't fall and bust my ass, we're good," she explained. "I try to bring the funny. I will squirt you in the crotch if you're not laughing." **Pason**'s ballet-inspired number is her specialty. In college she studied musical theater with a dance concentration and taught Pilates. That training influenced her routine, part of which the flexible, petite redhead performs *en pointe*—balanced on the tips of her toes. She hoisted herself into an "aerial hammock," a sling of pink fabric suspended from the rafters, spun herself, and "fell"; the fabric caught her just inches above the stage. As she put it, her show represented the ballerina "coming into her sexuality," with the hammock "showing true female characteristics, which are very sensual, but with an inner strength."

Rachelle Laree, the 2009 overall winner, did not compete this year, but she entertained the crowd during a guest appearance by walking on her hands and plucking baseball caps from audience members with her toes. "This is like my family here," she told us. "The Penthouse Gold G-String Awards is one of the most prestigious and respected contests in the industry. I finally got noticed when I won. Now I'm passing on the G-String."

When the final tally was done, Aguchi was presented with the Gold G-String, Pason took home the silver, and Aspen Reign won the overall bronze. "My goal is to be Rachelle," Aguchi said. "She's phenomenal. If you take away the lights, props, and costumes, she'd still be entertaining. That's what I want to do."

Hailey Heart

The Penthouse Gold G-String Awards competition is held annually the weekend after Mardi Gras. In 2011 it's slated for March 10–13. Check PenthouseClubs.com for more info.

THE TROPHY CASE

★ BEST DANCER ★
Christina Aguchi, Gold
Eva Lauren, Silver

★ BEST SHOW ★
Pason, Gold
Gia Nova, Silver
Krystal Cummings, Bronze

★ BEST MAGAZINE MODEL ★
Aspen Reign, Gold
Tawnie Monroe, Silver
Kimberly Johnson, Bronze

★ BEST ADULT FILM STAR ★
Shay Lynn, Gold
Nadia Nitro, Silver
Charisma Capelli, Bronze

★ BEST BUST ★
Robyn Foxx, Gold
Jaded Dawn, Silver
Hailey Heart, Bronze

★ PENTHOUSE UNIVERSE AWARD ★
Rachelle Laree

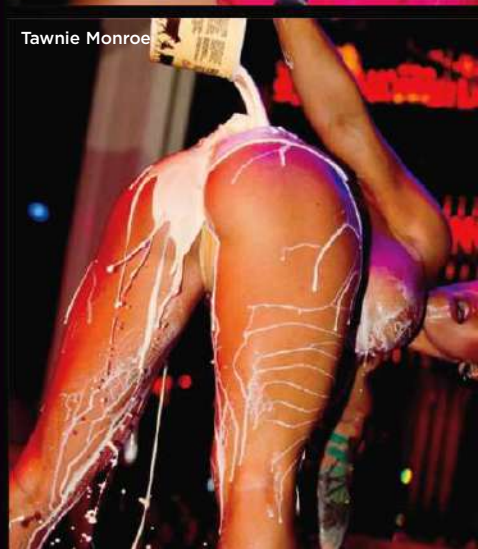
Eva Lauren

Gia Nova

Kimberly Johnson

Gia Nova

Hailey Heart


Tawnie Monroe

"Take off your panties, put on this blindfold, and come inside. You've been a very naughty girl!"

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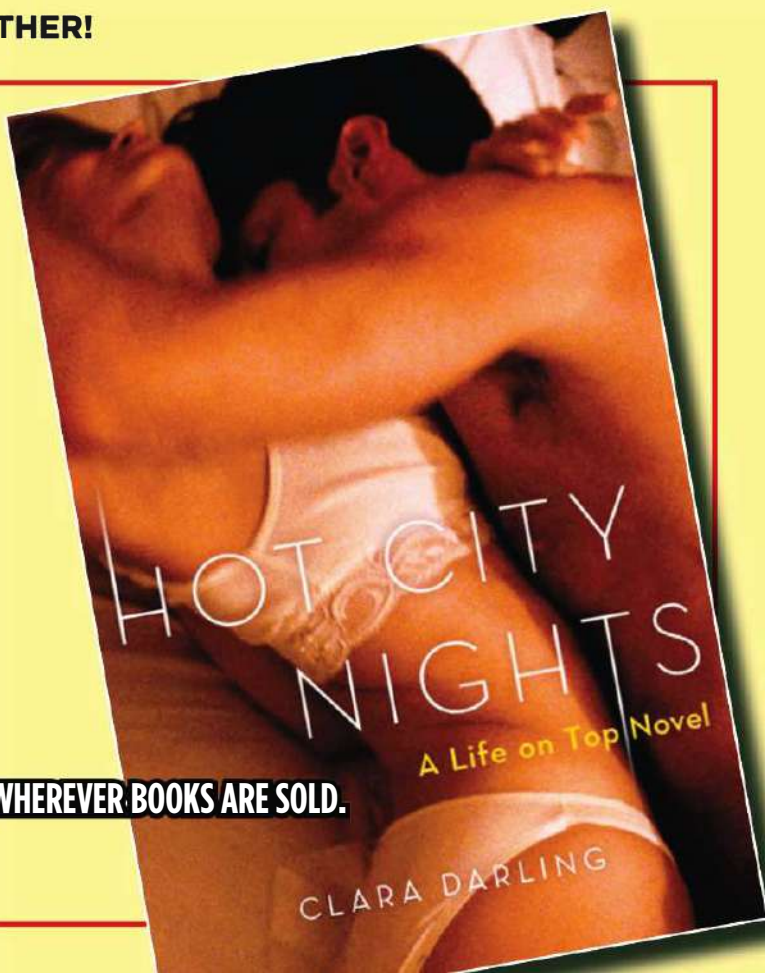

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St. Martin's Griffin

partygirl

Marina Romanova, from Sevastopol, Ukraine, knows how to have a good time. "I'm always up for going out and having fun," she tells us. "I love any music with a good beat that I can dance to, and I'm very comfortable with my body." We'd happily get comfortable with Marina's 34-23-34 curves ourselves.

Photographs by Christopher Love

"I'm a Gemini, which suits me well. Once in a while I'm shy and timid and too concerned about what others think of me, but then there's the wild child who wants to bust out and have fun. When I let my hair down, watch out!"

"I've been to some incredible places: Warsaw, Costa Rica, Greece, the Dominican Republic, not to mention all the cool places I've been to in the States. I'd have to say that my favorite is Miami Beach. That place rocks!"

"I would love to become an architect and create something memorable and unique, but until I go back to school, I'll keep creating memorable images as a model instead."

"I love to watch any movie that's comedy, horror, or action, and I love *9½ Weeks*. That entire film is one big sex scene, and it's the hottest one I've ever seen."

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GIRLS WHO WANT GIRLS

Penthouse Forum

Five Penthouse Pets lend their star power to this disc of all-girl action. Pet of the Year Taylor Vixen, paired here with Lexi Stone, shows exactly why fans helped her attain that enviable title. Her assault on Lexi's cunt seems more for her own pleasure than the camera's, but to her credit she lets viewers in on the fun, too. Their scene hits a definite high point when Taylor's on the receiving end, her fat tits bouncing as Lexi helps her come again and again. Veronica Ricci, our catwalk-quality Pet of the Year Runner-Up, amps up the show with July Pet Lela Star. Once again a flaming redhead, Veronica pounces on Lela, nuzzling the tiny brunette's boobs in anticipation of giving Lela's labes a (supposedly) virgin licking. Veronica breaks out a glass dildo and sends Lela into overdrive, her butt bouncing with pleasure after every poke and prod. Pet Nikki Benz and Roxanne Hall are featured in the darkest scene, in which Roxanne takes Nikki in an alleyway, her aggressive seduction rewarded by Nikki's willing surrender. The ass-munching and finger-banging that follow are sweet icing on a very slutty cake. Turning up the heat in a nonsexual role is Pet Jelena Jensen, who reads the letters to *Penthouse Forum* that introduce the sexy and startling vignettes.

Above: Veronica Ricci and Lela Star
Left: Taylor Vixen and Lexi Stone

By Johnny Bronx

FOOT FANTASY FREAKS
Penthouse Variations

If the way to a guy's heart is through his stomach, then the way to a girl's heart—and beyond—is through her feet; you only have to watch your girlfriend in a shoe store to see how much women love having their peds pampered. Alexis Texas, a curvy little bitch better known among ass men than foot fetishists, is stunning here, taking a dominant tack as she orders Seth Gamble to take off her shoes—and watching her undo his belt with her toes is pretty hot, too. The most pleasant surprise here is Madison Parker. She boasts the dusky and dirty looks of your favorite Kardashian, a supersexy Hungarian accent, and, truth be told, the best-looking pair of feet on the disc. It's a nice touch when Madison tells Kris Slater to put her shoes back on her before taking his dick between her satin-pillow lips for a beautiful, ball-nuzzling blowjob. A real ladies' man knows that a little well-executed foot worship can be a great starting point for explosive sex.

WOMEN WHO WANT SEX
Penthouse Letters

Explosive erotic performer Shawna Leneé makes a welcome return in a straightforward scene that lacks the bells and whistles of her other work, but satisfies nonetheless. Shawna's enthusiasm makes her a thrill to watch (the fact that she boasts the best set of nipples in porn doesn't exactly hurt things, either). But it's Chayse Evans who knocks this one out of the park in the nastiest scene. The tip-off comes when she slinks up to a pair of horny construction workers and bangs both of them. Stripped down and bent over an oil drum, she gets rammed hard from behind, but soon she's down on her knees sucking both men off, well on her way to earning every drop of jizz she drains from their full, swollen balls. At the end, Jessica Lynn gets in on the action, giving herself up to a young executive in a scene relying on power-play dynamics for its appeal.

Above left: Alexis Texas and Seth Gamble
Above right: Shawna Leneé and Marcus London

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FLUFF AND FOLD

There's this girl at the Laundromat I go to who's always there when I am. She's a cute little brunette with big tits, and there's always some guy hitting on her. Last time I saw her, though, she was alone for once. I tried to think of a way to strike up a conversation with her, but I'd never seen her do anything but her laundry—she never had a magazine or book, and I never saw her listen to music. I had no hint what her interests were.

We'd both just started folding when she spoke to me. "If you fold it like that it's only going to wrinkle," she said from across the large table. When I looked up, she was staring at the shirt I was folding, her nose wrinkled almost in disgust. "Here," she said, sticking her hand out. "Give it to me and I'll show you a better way."

I handed her the shirt and she quickly folded it into a perfect rectangle. "Wow," I said, "that looks a lot better than what I've been doing." I held up a crumpled shirt as proof.

"I'll show you how to do it," she said. "I'm Amanda, by the way."

For the next half hour she helped me fold my laundry, showing me how to do it her way. If I'd known all it would take was a little helplessness to get her to look my way, I would've tried it weeks earlier. I had her undivided attention, and she was standing so close that our arms and legs kept brushing against each other. We were definitely flirting, too, so when we were done with the laundry I asked if I could buy her a cup of coffee at the café across the street. She said yes right away, and we both picked up our laundry baskets and headed outside. I offered to take her home so she could drop off her laundry first—my car was out front—and she said she lived above the coffee shop, so she didn't need a ride, but she would love help carrying her stuff upstairs.

I took the basket from Amanda and followed her up four flights of stairs. I put her laundry down as soon as we walked into the apartment, and Amanda gave me a quick tour of the space. Then she surprised me by suggesting that we just make coffee and hang out at her place. "It's cheaper and quieter, and the coffee down there isn't even that good," she said. Of course I agreed.

While she made the coffee, we talked about how we'd ended up living in the neighborhood and where we'd gone to school and what our jobs were like. When the coffee finished brewing, Amanda poured two cups and handed me one, saying, "I've seen you checking me out at the Laundromat."

Stumbling over my words, I tried to respond: "Oh, um, yeah, about that—"

"I've been waiting for you to make a move for weeks," she interrupted me.

That was more than enough motivation for me to really make a move, and I leaned across the counter we were sitting at, pulled her head toward me, and kissed her. Her lips were soft and her tongue darted out to meet mine right away.

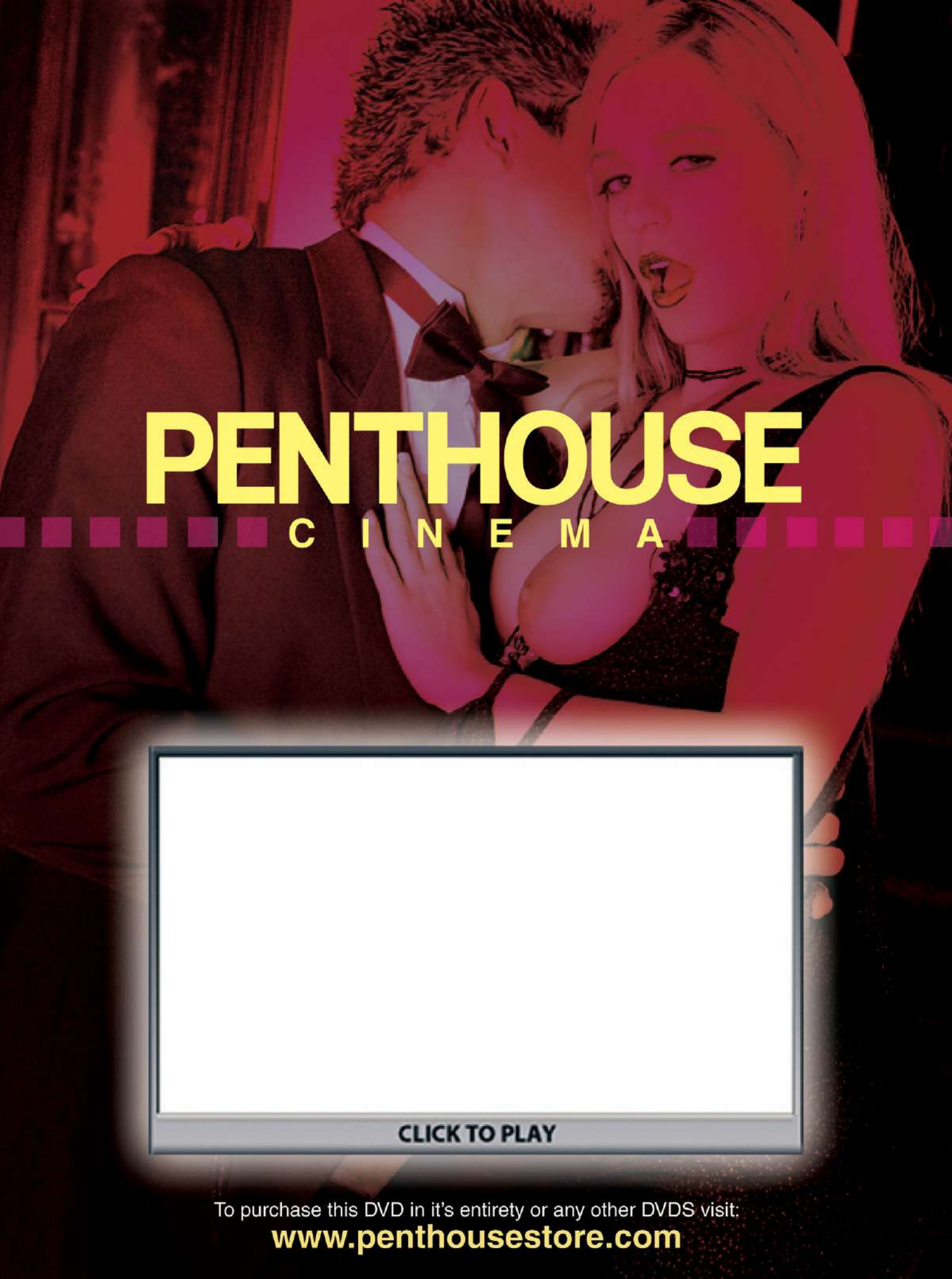
As things heated up, we slid off the stools and started to undress. Amanda stripped down to only a pair of black panties, and her curves looked even more pronounced and erotic. I pulled her body flush against mine before dropping to the floor and pulling her down with me. The tiles were cool against our skin, and Amanda quickly rolled us over so that she was on top of me. She had our underwear off a minute later, and then she was stroking my cock, making sure I was hard enough to enter her.

Her tits were swinging wildly in front of me, and when I leaned forward and took a nipple in my mouth, Amanda came.

A moment later she was guiding my dick into her slick cunt, sliding down until her ass was against my hips and my cock was buried deep in her warm folds. She started riding my shaft a moment later, and the feeling of my cock moving inside her was incredible. I began thrusting up into her, and it felt even better. I couldn't believe I was finally fucking the girl from the Laundromat after months of missed opportunities. And she really knew what she was doing! Her hips were swirling in figure eights and other patterns, and each move stimulated me in a different way. I was more turned on than I'd ever been, and I pumped my hips furiously against Amanda's as I tried to meet each of her strokes.

I wanted to come more than ever, so I fucked Amanda as hard as I could. Her tits were bouncing around in front of me, swinging wildly, and when I leaned forward and took a nipple in my mouth, Amanda came. The sensation of her clenching cunt was enough to set me off, too, and I fired a load of come deep inside her.

We didn't stop fucking until both our orgasms had subsided, and then Amanda rolled off me and onto the cool tile floor. Eventually we moved to the bedroom for round two. Now whenever I go to the Laundromat, I have more than clean clothes to look forward to.—*C.D., Georgia*



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DINNER AND DESSERT

As the other guests said their goodbyes, I hung out in the kitchen, rinsing plates and separating the garbage from the recycling. Courtney and Georgi had been great hosts, and I felt bad leaving them with the mess. Well, that, and I was hoping for a repeat of their last dinner party. I'd stayed late to help clean then, too, and before the dishwasher was halfway through its cycle I'd been in bed with the hosts. Like everyone always says, they sure know how to throw a party!

Finally the last few stragglers were out the door and Courtney was in front of me. "You stuck around again," she said, a twinkle in her eye. "Georgi, honey," she called to her husband, "Becca's still here cleaning up."

"Is she?" Georgi replied, walking into the kitchen. "Well, I guess we'll just have to find some way to thank her. Can you think of anything we can do to show our appreciation?"

"*Mmm,* I think I can," Courtney replied, and with that she pushed me against the counter and kissed me hard. Her hands roamed over my body as our lip-lock continued, and when she pulled away, we were both panting.

"I like the way you think," Georgi said, and then he pinned me against the sink and gave me the most passionate kiss. One hand tangled in my hair, pulling my head closer to his, and the other wrapped around my ass, pushing my crotch against his straining erection. God, I wanted him!

When Georgi and I parted he dropped to his knees, pulling down my skirt and panties with him. He exposed my pussy and dove in, his mouth hungrily attacking my cunt. His wife stood over him and leaned into me, pushing up my shirt, pulling down my bra, and going straight for my tits. She tweaked one nipple and sucked the other, then switched, while Georgi went to town on my pussy, his tongue fucking me as though it were a small cock. I spread my arms out on the counter behind me to hold myself up as my knees grew weak, threw my head back, and moaned. The sensations they were creating were absolutely delicious!

Georgi's talented tongue brought me to my first orgasm of the night—but not my last. After he finished slurping my juices from between my legs, he pulled me down on the floor with him. Courtney joined us, and soon I was on my side, sandwiched between them. Courtney moved into a sixty-nine with me, and as we ate each other's pussy, Georgi fucked me from behind, his balls slapping against my ass as he gave it to me hard.

As Courtney and I ate each other, Georgi fucked me from behind, his balls slapping my ass as he gave it to me hard.

I found myself bucking between them, wanting to fuck Georgi harder but at the same time trying to keep my head buried between my friend's thighs, eating her sweet pussy. There was so much going on that I thought I would go crazy, and I did, in the best way possible.

When I came again, my pussy absolutely overflowed with my juices, and my body spasmed and twitched with multiple orgasms. My partners didn't stop pleasing me until I was delightfully sated, and then Georgi filled me with his seed and his wife fed me her cream.

Once again, I was spent before the dishwasher could finish its cycle.—*B.K., Arkansas*

STAGED ROMANCE

"And then they kiss." That's what the script said, though it's not what Matt and I were doing. We'd been paired up as lovers in our acting class, but we'd been fighting for as long as we'd known each other. But we had to perform for our class the next day, and if we didn't nail the scene, we'd definitely fail the assignment. We'd attempted to put aside our feelings and rehearse outside of class. The theater was empty at night, and we could practice in neutral territory—onstage.

Unfortunately, things weren't going so well. We'd argued about every little detail of the scene leading up to the kiss, making it the least desirable stage direction.

"We have to do it," I practically shouted, "so we may as well just kiss and get it over with. If we don't rehearse, he'll know tomorrow. Do you really want to fail? Because I don't!"

"Oh, please, Anna, like you're making this any easier," Matt scoffed. "You're a pretentious, stuck-up prima donna. God, I'd hate to see how much of a bitch you'd become if you ever managed to land a real gig."

We'd been throwing barbs like that at each other for hours already, and I'd had my fill. Throwing aside my script, I grabbed Matt and just planted one on him. He tried to pull away, and I even heard him try to yell at me throughout the kiss, but I held my ground and forced him to kiss me back so we could just get the damn scene over with. When he did return the kiss, though, I got a shock I wasn't expecting: I enjoyed it.

The kiss was supposed to be passionate, sure, but we soon surpassed

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what was expected of our characters and were making out for real. Then we just couldn't stop. Our hands were wandering, and clothes started coming off. Our shirts were off and Matt was kissing my neck and trying to unclasp my bra when I muttered, "I hate you," in a raspy, strangled voice.

"I hate you, too," he replied breathlessly, my bra falling to the floor right before his lips moved to my tits.

He sucked one nipple and then the other, going back and forth between my breasts as my trembling fingers worked on removing his pants. I could feel his cock, already hard, under the denim, and I wanted to see it, to hold it in my hand. I wanted to feel it inside me. Finally the button popped and I got the zipper down, and then his cock was all mine. I couldn't see it, but I could feel how big it was, and I was impressed. I'd told him at some point that the only reason he wanted to be an actor was so women would like him, since I was sure he had a tiny dick and no hope of getting laid without fame or fortune to lure them in, and now I made a mental note to apologize later for my very wrong assumption about his assets. His equipment was definitely a respectable size .

I started to jerk him off, and as I did, his cock grew harder—and even bigger. More than anything, I craved the feeling of his dick filling me. I tugged off my skinny jeans, wriggling my hips as I did, both from the pleasure of his nipple-play and the fight to get my pants over my hips. My movements distracted him from his work, and he pulled back from my breasts. When he realized what I was trying to do, he refocused his attention on my jeans and pulled them off my legs before kicking off his shoes and stepping out of his own.

There was no need for me to direct Matt in the next move. He knelt on the stage and pulled me down with him. We kissed again as we maneuvered onto the floor. Then I was on my back with Matt hovering over me, his cock rubbing against my pussy as he lowered himself onto me. His dick slid right into me without any real guidance, and I moaned loudly, my sounds of pleasure reverberating in the empty theater.

The wooden surface of the stage was warm on my back as Matt started thrusting into me. As much as I'd given him crap about his presumed sexual prowess, I had to admit that he was more than adept. His hips moved this way and that, hitting every sensitive spot inside my cunt, and when one of his hands went for my clit without being instructed to do so, I knew I'd been wrong about him. The mewls of pleasure that he drew out of me were, I was sure, more than enough apology.

He slid into me without any guidance, and I moaned loudly, my pleasure reverberating in the empty theater.

My hips rose instinctively from the warm wood of the stage with each stroke until our bodies were slapping together rhythmically, and I could feel my skin starting to tingle with excitement. I was getting close to climax, and it was all because of Matt.

A couple dozen more thrusts and I went over the edge, moaning with delight as the warmth my orgasm created flooded through my entire body. Matt wasn't far behind, and when he came, he groaned loudly before collapsing in a sweaty heap on top of me.

We lay there on the stage for what felt like hours as we tried to catch our breath—between fiercely passionate make-out sessions. When we finally moved apart, we got dressed without a word, found our tossed-aside scripts, and picked up our rehearsal where we'd left off. "And then they kiss," the script said, and this time, we did what it said.

In class the next day, our professor praised us for the believable chemistry between our characters and the passion in our kiss. A good actor, he told us, could do a love scene with his most hated enemy and the audience would be none the wiser to the backstage dynamics. Little did he know how right he was about us!—*A.Z., North Carolina*

IN THE FAMILY WAY

There was only one other person in the waiting room at the fertility center with Annalisa and me, and I wondered what she was doing there. Was she having trouble conceiving? Was she a donor? Maybe she worked there and was on her break. Whatever her reason, I was glad she was there. She was good eye candy, and I knew I'd be thinking about her with my wife while I worked on giving the doctor my "sample."

Twenty minutes later, when the doctor was done with me, I found my wife talking to the woman—who had been joined by her own husband. Tammy's husband, Sam, was a sperm donor, and she'd come along so that they could go out after his appointment. As they talked with my wife, I couldn't help fantasizing about the two women hooking up. And then I had a brilliant idea: What if Annalisa

and Sam got together? He was a donor and she needed more potent sperm to get pregnant. It seemed like the perfect plan to me. Apparently great minds think alike, because a split second after I thought it up, Tammy proposed the very same plan.

"Sam's sperm are really strong swimmers," she said. "You two should hook up. I don't mind sharing."

Was she really offering us the very thing I'd fantasized about? It couldn't be. But when Annalisa looked at me, her eyes questioning my level of comfort with the idea, I knew I'd heard her right. "I don't know," my wife said. "It depends on how Charlie feels." I assured them that if Annalisa was okay with the plan, then I was, too. And when my wife shyly expressed enthusiasm for the hookup, I felt my dick twitch in my pants. Finally, after six months of fertility treatments and sex on a schedule, we were getting somewhere!

Even though it wasn't Annalisa's fertile time, we agreed to get together later that night so she could receive Sam's "donation," and then we left, at least one of us with a major hard-on.

I fucked Annalisa with a new passion when we got home, unable to hide how aroused I was by the idea of her hooking up with Sam. Then we waited anxiously for the other couple to show up.

Tammy rang our doorbell at nine o'clock sharp, looking even more appealing than she had earlier. Sam went right for Annalisa, telling her how gorgeous she looked in her sundress, and I saw her cheeks flush as she ducked her head with pleasure. After less than a minute of meaningless chatter, Tammy took over and started directing us all on our roles. Once she'd determined that the bedroom was the optimum setting for our scene, she strongly suggested that we get settled and began listing positions to work on that would provide the best chance of getting Sam's sperm to Annalisa's eggs. It was strange to have someone ordering us around in our own bedroom, but at the same time it was really hot. Tammy obviously knew what she was doing.

After getting everyone undressed—practically ripping our clothes off when we didn't move fast enough—Tammy jerked Sam's already-growing cock to complete hardness. As soon as he had his wife's approval, he moved to Annalisa, who was waiting on the bed. Following Tammy's instructions, he climbed on the bed and lifted my wife's legs over his shoulders, tilting her pelvis up and giving himself a deeper angle of penetration—"So there's less chance of any of his load seeping out," Tammy explained. Annalisa's chest was flushed a pale pink and her nipples were standing at attention, so I knew she was ready for him.

Between Tammy's scintillating instructions and the foreplay—minimal though it was—I was ready to explode. And I knew I would, too, probably before my wife did, even though she was the one actually getting fucked.

Sam spit in his palm, rubbed it over his cock, and aimed his prick at my wife's cunt. Then he started to push into her, moving slowly, until his heavy balls rested right against her ass. Annalisa moaned with each inch of hard dick that was shoved into her tight slit, and my prick jumped at the sounds she was making. Seeing her with someone new was really turning me on!

Without thinking about it, I moved my hand to my cock and started stroking myself while Sam fucked my wife. When he picked up the pace, Tammy moved away and let the two of them go at it on their own. She joined me on the other side of the room and said something about not wanting anyone to feel left out. The next thing I knew, she was on her knees sucking my hard-as-steel dick while I watched my wife get plowed by a virtual stranger.

Sam climbed on the bed and lifted my wife's legs over his shoulders, giving himself a deeper angle of penetration.

I jumped when Tammy's warm, wet mouth engulfed my dick, but it didn't take long for me to relax and let her do her thing. Her lips and tongue worked me over in sync with the pounding my wife was getting, and I wondered if Tammy and Sam had done this before, as polished as they seemed. But I didn't really care. All I cared about was watching my wife get fucked while another woman gave me the blowjob of a lifetime.

When I felt my dick start to throb, I got excited about shooting my load down Tammy's throat, but she wouldn't have it. Just as I was about to blow—thanks in part to a low moan from my wife, indicating her own readiness to climax—Tammy clamped a hand around the base of my prick and pulled her head away from me.

"Not this time, buddy," she said with a smirk. "I want you in my cunt. I want to feel your come bathe my pussy walls!"

She scrambled into my lap, her petite form molding perfectly against my body. Then she mounted me. Her cunt was practically dripping, and she slid easily down my shaft.

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She was a straightforward girl, and her fucking was no different. As soon as she was comfortably positioned with my cock deep in her cleft, she began bouncing with a speed I didn't think possible. As she flew up and down on my cock, I watched Sam fuck Annalisa, and I could tell they were close to finishing. When Sam grunted, I watched his body shake, followed by my wife's sounds of release. Then he collapsed on top of her, never letting her legs drop from his shoulders.

The sight of their simultaneous climaxing turned me on all over again, and I started to thrust up to meet Tammy's downward strokes on my cock. It took another minute, but finally I came, filling Tammy's hot cunt with my seed. When the first shot hit her inner walls, she threw her head back and shrieked in ecstasy, finding her own release.

It was all over in a matter of minutes, and then Sam and Tammy were dressed and on their way out the door—but not before promising a return visit in a few days—"for Annalisa's next 'treatment,' " Tammy said. I'll be sure to keep you updated on the success of our new action plan!—*C.R., Florida*

I started to thrust up to meet Tammy's downward strokes on my cock, and after a minute, I finally came.

Stormy Daniels

Since this month we're celebrating the winners of the 2010 Gold G-String Awards, it's the perfect time to look back at one of our favorite contest alums, Stormy Daniels, who won the coveted Gold G-String in 2007. The adult entertainer and our February 2007 Pet of the Month shines like the star she is in these previously unpublished photos.

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